

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,619 Vol. 101.

6 January 1906.

6d.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is inevitable that a vast deal of "vacant chaff well meant for grain" should be flying about when a general election is at hand. Party leaders scatter it, are bound to scatter it, if a little less freely than their supporters. He is a rare statesman engaged in party politics who can look back wholly with pride to all his addresses and speeches at election time. The refinements of thought and language cannot be indulged in at such seasons. Yet Mr. Balfour has brought into his appeal to the electors of Manchester a distinction in thought and expression for which we are grateful. Here at any rate is a little oasis in the prevailing wilderness of words. Mr. Chamberlain's election address was also issued early in the week. It is significant that in no item are the addresses of the two Unionist leaders mutually destructive or contradictory. Mr. Chamberlain's address of course is live with force and the direct expression that English people fully appreciate. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain supplement each other's qualities admirably. Such political partnerships are very rare: there might have been another of the kind if Lord Randolph Churchill had been able, as once he greatly wished, to run in harness with Lord Rosebery.

With the Duke of Devonshire's letter to Mr. Elliot, the "free fooders" drop out of the Unionist party. The Duke deliberately relegates Home Rule to a second place, rejects in terms Mr. Balfour's fiscal policy, and makes it clear enough that he wants every Unionist "free trader" to vote against the tariff-reform candidate, no matter what his opponent's views on other matters. Lord James of Hereford follows this up with a more violent letter in the same sense. The remnant of this group who have not gone over to the Liberals are now practically working with the Radicals against the Unionist party. The Cecil brothers are an apparent exception. Lord Hugh has not openly rebelled against Mr. Balfour: though he does not hesitate to call tariff-reform Unionists "assassins". We hope Lord Hugh will keep a seat in Parliament, because of his personality.

He can never count again as a force in the Unionist party, but the House can hardly do without him. After all both he and Lord Robert are their father's sons. If this cannot be set down to their credit, it may at any rate redound to their advantage.

Mr. Redmond has given instructions—this is the expression used, we believe, in the authorised announcement—that the Irish vote in Glasgow shall be given partly to Labour and partly to Liberal candidates. No Conservative candidate is on any account to be voted for. How fitting it is that the Liberal party, which has ever lifted its voice in favour of a free political vote and conscience, should hope to be returned to power largely by the suffrages of those whose political vote and conscience are admittedly not their own. English landlords and farmers, it is often said, bring weight to bear on the labouring classes to vote for Conservative candidates. But, even admitting this for argument's sake, they do not formally order the peasantry how to vote. And the worst of it is Mr. Redmond's order does not consist of empty words. It is absolutely effective so far as uneducated Irish voters in Glasgow are concerned.

Mr. Chamberlain has begun his election campaign in good earnest. He plunges in medias res with all the buoyancy of youth. His energy is really marvellous, recalling the vitality of Gladstone himself. Nothing could be clearer than Mr. Chamberlain's presentation of the case for fiscal reform: all his opponents are ready to admit that: indeed they insist on his lucidity with an emphasis that makes one feel they must be very much afraid of it. It seems to haunt them. It is well too, that Mr. Chamberlain is avoiding anything in the way of overwrought rhetoric. The way to impress the public is to keep on stating and restating your policy in outline in perfectly clear terms. And if the Radicals turn rowdy and indulge in the blackguardism that broke up Mr. Chamberlain's meeting at Derby, we may be pretty sure of success. Rowdism never pays in the long run.

Mr. Balfour does right to nail a lie to the counter whenever and wherever he finds it. At Leamington on Monday he had a busy time hammering away at "the foolish and atrocious falsehoods" circulated regarding Chinese labour. Not the least foolish was the statement placarded by the "Daily News" that "Balfour shirks Chinese slavery". A pressman who knows how impossible it is to get everything into a single article

ought to be capable of something better than this. No speaker can hope to cover all subjects in one effort. The placard contained a double untruth. Mr. Balfour did not shirk and Chinese labour is not slavery. All the same we ought to make our acknowledgments to the "Daily News". It succeeded in drawing from Mr. Balfour probably the finest speech yet made in defence of coolie labour on the Rand. Mr. Balfour's reminder as to Liberal responsibility for indentured labour in British Guiana was not at all to the taste of the "Daily News".

As Mr. Balfour said, to call the conditions under which the Chinese work slavery is not to talk morals but to talk nonsense. His statement that "we do not call soldiers and sailors slaves" was a bait at which some over-zealous person in the audience eagerly grabbed with the remark, "They are not put in compounds". Mr. Balfour's answer was prompt: "A compound is two square miles. How many square miles do you think a frigate is or a sloop?" A good many by-elections were no doubt won by this slavery calumny and the suggestion that the Chinese ordinance has excluded white labour. Mr. Balfour pointed out again that the only way to ensure employment for the white man in South Africa is to ensure a supply of unskilled labour, without which the mines cannot be worked. That not very abstruse proposition received striking confirmation from two Transvaal trade-unionists who have come to England to tell the truth about labour in the mines. Their testimony is that John Chinaman is a regrettable necessity. No one desires his presence on the Rand, but white skilled labour is dependent on it. And if the white man does not wish to risk civil war, he will never lower himself in the eyes of the natives by entering into competition with them in unskilled labour. If we know him at all, neither Briton nor Boer is likely to do that.

It is perhaps a psychological rather than a political phenomenon that while Conservative Churchmen, who make up the vast majority of Anglicans throughout the United Kingdom, keep their Churchmanship laudably clear of party politics, Liberals who call themselves Churchmen never can; at any rate they never do. Indeed they beat their Dissenting friends at making their religious professions dance to the tune of their political needs. There appears to exist a body, calling itself the "Church of England Liberal and Progressive Union", a society so obscure that it can get no bigger person for its chairman than Lord Beauchamp, to whom the Prime Minister has not thought it worth while to toss even a crumb of office. These people have issued a sheet condemning the Education Act, which in the same sentence they admit to have been of benefit to the Church, though of "minimum benefit" no doubt. They condemn the Act without proposing any alternative, thus giving Mr. Birrell carte blanche to do as he likes with Church schools.

Further down the introduction of Chinese labour into South Africa is stated to involve "all the essentials of slavery". This is the roundest lie (obviously the right word to select) we have yet come across about this much be-lie subject. The Chinese labourers in South Africa work under contract: no slave can be party to a contract: he is a chattel. They exercise various other rights incompatible with any theory or practice of slavery known or conceivable. The man who drew this sheet might perhaps have believed that some of the essentials of slavery were in this Chinese labour; he could not believe that all were. He wrote what he knew was untrue. It is obviously impossible that Mr. Noel Buxton can have seen this statement and allowed it to pass, though his name is on the sheet as treasurer to this precious society (which indeed is the only reason we notice it at all). His ability and character preclude this; but he should really look after his friends. It will not help him hereafter to be associated with electioneering of this kind, especially when his leaders do nothing to get rid of a practice "involving all the conditions of slavery". This is the kind of thing that is remembered against a man. As Conservatives, we wish this bill a wide circulation, for it will effectually disgust every Churchman who reads it.

For cool audacity we have never found anything quite equal to Colenso's statement that his explanation of the theory of the Rule of Three is perfectly plain. But the President of the Local Government Board comes near this in reproaching Mr. Chamberlain for demagoguery! At Nottingham on Tuesday, speaking for a Labour candidate, he quoted Mr. Chamberlain's remarks about the decline in the Lancashire cotton trade, and commented on them thus: "It was such trash as this that these demagogues resorted to." Mr. Burns, then, objects to leaders of the people, demagogues. Next we may expect a tirade from him against democrats. Is office making him fastidious already?

Once during a debate in the House of Commons on the American Revolution Fox took one by one the leading Ministers in the Government, who were sitting on the bench opposite and held them up to scorn. According to an eyewitness, although extremely personal, indicating each victim with his forefinger, he managed to keep within order. Mr. T. G. Bowles has done the same thing, however, on several occasions. There was a Parliamentary wit who would not allow his best friend to stand between himself and his jest. Mr. Bowles improves on this. He sacrifices not only his friends but himself. We cannot wonder then that on the eve of the contest Mr. Chamberlain has thrust hard at him. He has written a letter wishing Mr. Burgoyne, Mr. Bowles' Unionist rival at King's Lynn, success, and urging that Mr. Bowles is an undesirable candidate.

Mr. Bowles has no cause to complain. He has never lost a chance of striking at Mr. Chamberlain, and now he is repaid with a vengeance in his own coin. Mr. Chamberlain's action will probably make his task impossible. We expect he will disappear from political life after the election. We cannot but think that Mr. Bowles disappears at the wrong moment for the Conservative party. He is brilliantly equipped for Opposition, and would not shirk its drudgery. True, Mr. Bowles has not been a good friend of the party during the last few years; but it would be ungenerous to forget his untiring labour and his services whilst the party was in Opposition. Again and again he was the most effective fighter on the Conservative side whilst Sir William Harcourt bounced and bullied the Death Duties scheme through the House.

Politics are stormy indeed in South Tyrone just now. Mr. T. W. Russell is pursuing his candidature amid thunder and lightning which are not altogether of the stage character. There are no wigs after all like those on an Orange green. It is not at all clear what policy Mr. Russell is fighting for—what party he really belongs to. The most curious feature of his campaign perhaps is his fiery denunciation of Mr. Chamberlain for pretending to be—a Unionist! Mr. Russell will have it that Mr. Chamberlain is not and never has been a genuine Unionist. Yet, despite this knowledge, he gloried in working for years side by side with Mr. Chamberlain against Nationalists and Liberal Home Rulers. We have had to weariness indeed the question of whether Mr. Balfour is free trader or protectionist. According to Liberals it is still open. But the point as to whether Mr. Chamberlain is Unionist or Home Ruler is surely a novel one.

Mr. Haldane was in the gentlest mood in the City on Thursday. Some men are never so dangerous as when their words are golden and honey is in their mouth. Mr. Haldane was all for recognising the good work done by his predecessor: he only hoped, if the Government were given a fair chance, to add his little quota to army reform and hand over his trust to his successors to carry on the good work. His peroration was quite a little moral lecture in the style of, say, Miss Edgeworth. All this of course was just electioneering. Mr. Haldane knows the City. Even City Liberals are Imperialist first. We should have preferred something a little more definite. What is the use of telling us "the policy of the Cabinet as a whole is to think out thoroughly this problem of the army, to clear the ground for building, and to do our best to leave behind us an army more efficient for its defined and thought out purpose than the army which we possess

to-day"? Could not any other War Minister have said that as easily as Mr. Haldane? He was definite on two things only. He repeated the old fallacy that conscription would be of no assistance to British military needs because you could not conscribe men for service abroad in peace-time. But you could conscribe them for service abroad in war-time; and if you had a conscript army for home service, the question of foreign drafts would be greatly simplified. Mr. Haldane's other definite point was that we must not demand too much from the Volunteers, on whom, however, we are to rely for home defence. This again is of course sheer electioneering.

The course of Russian events towards the close of last week pointed to the fact that the strike movement and the armed rising were everywhere collapsing. At the close of this week there remains very little doubt but that the Government has completely gained the upper hand. It is true there is always a threat of what is going to happen; but there has been sufficient experience of the unexpected in Russia for us to be content to take things as they actually stand without attempting to forecast the future. At the beginning of the Russian new year the revolutionaries have threatened a general insurrection, and to this the Government has replied in an official communication that, relying on the proved loyalty of the army, it will repress any preparations for a rising or crush it should any rising take place. That the risings in Moscow, in St. Petersburg, at Nijni Novgorod, in the Baltic Provinces and in Poland have been repressed because the army remained loyal is clear; and it is the safer assumption that it will remain loyal still. In that case no one doubts the issue.

There is always the possibility that we are being deceived with false or at least exaggerated reports. Take the case of the Baltic Provinces. A letter in the "Times" written on Christmas Day by the correspondent at Riga of a City firm states that most of what has come from there are absolute inventions. "That no destruction has been wrought there or at Windau, that the public peace has been in no way disturbed, and that there is no fear of serious excesses." This reminds us of the "Times" own correspondent's letter some time ago from Odessa declaring that the accounts of the agrarian commotions about that district were mostly inventions. Why in this state of the evidence should there be so much solemn prognostication of coming disasters dire? But it seems to be expected by newspaper readers and so the demand is supplied. What we seem entitled to credit is that the Liberals have done playing with insurrection, and are prepared to support the Government's election law. It may still be pretended that now the "reactionaries" will not allow so much reform; but until events show that the Douma will not meet, even though the insurrection is suppressed, it is a gratuitous assumption that the Tsar will go back on his declared policy.

It is a pity the German and French Governments cannot bring pressure to bear on certain journals in Berlin and Paris in order that the Moorish Conference may not meet ten days hence in an atmosphere of irritation and suspicion. Everyone who speaks with a semblance of authority is assured that there is no ground for the pessimism caused by press bickerings as to the relations of France and Germany. Count von Tattenbach's intimation that he has received the most conciliatory instructions from the Kaiser is worth more than all the assumptions of the quidnuncs of two capitals. It is now settled that the Conference will meet at Algieras, which is busy preparing to reap a rich harvest from the coming of the diplomatists. The only question which remains, pending the Conference, is whether Germany will publish a White-book, so that the delegates may be in possession of her version of the negotiations as they are already of the French version.

There were curious incidents at the conclusion of the trial at the Seine Assizes of seventy-seven members of the Committee of the International Military Association. They had issued posters calling on the conscripts to fire on their officers during strikes and, if they were ordered to the frontier, to retort by an immediate

strike and insurrection. M. Urbain Gohier the able writer in defence of Dreyfus was the chief defendant. M. Jaurès and Maître Labori were called for the defence amongst others; but incitements of such a specific kind are plainly not to be defended on the plea of liberty of opinion. All the prisoners except two were found guilty and sentenced to terms of imprisonment from four months upwards. Mlle. Numieska (which sounds more Russian than French) instead of being grateful for acquittal said of the jury's verdicts "C'est un jugement d'idiots. Ce sont des imbéciles". Then others began harangues declaring that the verdict would promote the idea of the revolution, revolutionary songs were sung and the court broke up amidst cries of "A bas la patrie!" "Vive la commune!" "Nous nous retrouverons!" and other similar pleasantries.

So many issues are involved in the problem which the South African Freights Conference has failed to settle that it is well not to be dogmatic in declaring either side right or wrong. The British shipping companies carry American and German goods to South Africa more cheaply than they carry British. A priori that is unpatriotic, improper and the inevitable outcome of monopoly. But the shipping companies advance a variety of reasons why they are forced to give the foreigner terms which they cannot give their own countrymen. Subsidies in particular enable the foreign shipper to make a rate which the British shipper must consider if he is to retain any part of the business in which at one time he was unchallenged. The case is analogous to that of the foreign manufacturer who under protection has a home market which pays him a fair price and an export market in which he gets what he can. The British shipper is able to carry foreign goods cheaply because he is in a position to make remunerative charges to the British exporter. It is unfortunate that the handicap neutralises whatever benefit British trade would derive from South African preference.

British trade movements in the last half-century are summed up in the report of the Tariff Commission on the silk industry. In the fifties Great Britain used to import from £12,000,000 to £15,000,000 worth of raw silk which she manufactured to the advantage of the wage-earners of some £8,000,000 or £10,000,000 per year. In 1903 she imported less than £2,000,000 worth of raw and spun silk. At the earlier date she imported something less than £2,000,000 of manufactured silk, whereas to-day she imports six times as much. We have in a word reversed the order of things and the working-man abroad is doing the business which made Macclesfield and Spitalfields thriving centres of industry. The decline is traced to the French reciprocity treaty negotiated by Cobden in 1860. Foreign markets are practically closed against us whilst British markets are open to all dumpers. The industry has so nearly gone that preference in colonial markets cannot hope to do much good unless a ten per cent. duty on silk manufactures is imposed so that Great Britain may begin to manufacture again in earnest. It is considered that ten per cent. would be ample to encourage capital to embark on an industry which ought never to have been allowed to decline.

The death of Mr. Charles T. Yerkes came almost exactly at the moment when his first London enterprise, the electrification of the Metropolitan District Railway Company, had been completed. His other great undertaking the construction and equipment of the Charing Cross-Hampstead, Baker Street-Waterloo, Great Northern, Edgware and Watford lines, which will change so extensively the conditions of travel between inner and outer London, still remains unfinished. These enterprises were not the first steps taken in introducing electric railway traction into London, as the Central London was already in the field, but the Underground Electric Railways Company of which he was the promoter and chairman until his death has been the principal factor. Mr. Edgar Speyer is to be the new chairman of the Company. Sir George Gibb, the general manager of the North-Eastern Railway, is to be its deputy chairman and managing director, and he also becomes chairman and managing

director of the Metropolitan District Railway Company, of which Mr. Yerkes also was chairman; and Mr. Perks M.P. remains as deputy chairman. The appointments of these able and well-known men will restore to these companies the financial and business ability which they temporarily lost by the death of Mr. Yerkes.

Many people might say that it would be better to improve the telephone service at short distances here than try to speak with New York from London. Still it is of interest that there is a possibility of this becoming an accomplished fact within a year or two. An increase of distances here is thought to be quite feasible judging from certain experiments conducted by the Post Office. The obstacle to long-distance telephoning does not consist in a cable being laid under water; it is the same for long distances on land. In the sheathing in which the conductor must be enclosed a great amount of electrical resistance is set up which has to be overcome by induction coils placed within the sheathing. The difficulty consists in obtaining coils sufficiently powerful and at the same time sufficiently small to go within the sheathing; hence it is a mechanical not an electric difficulty. In the cables running to France and Ireland the introduction of these coils has improved their capacity by 100 per cent. Theory and practice so far agree, but how much further they may be made to go together is the question now to be tested.

Pelota, the national ball-game of the Basque, has hitherto only been known to travelled Englishmen. At San Sebastian, Barcelona, Buenos Aires, all over Mexico, and in almost every Spanish city of South America, it is to be seen. Just as the Eton boy used to play fives against the chapel buttresses so the Basque will play wherever he can find a wall, and it is necessary to put up notices of prohibition on the cathedrals. On Thursday afternoon the game was played for the first time in England at Olympia under the auspices of the newly-established Winter Club. Pelota is a game which has no English equivalent. The nearest thing to it is rackets. It is played on a court some 200 feet long and 38 feet wide against a concrete wall with a curved hollow basket about three feet long strapped to the arm. The "pelota" is made of fine rubber core, and is about as big as a base-ball. Three men play on each side, blue against red. In the exhibition game given at Olympia by the six Basque champions, the velocity with which the ball was driven from the "cerba", the accuracy and agility of the players, their whole-hearted absorption and their energy, was a surprise to all who witnessed the game for the first time.

Englishmen cannot readily enter into the mental kingdom of the "Pelotari". We have no equivalent here. His attitude is somewhat akin to that of the bull-fighter. For him "Pelota" seems the beginning and end of existence. The "Pelotari" is an artist. He works, it is true, for gain, and a fine player can name his own price, but that with him is, after all, a detail. He lives for his art and the fame it will bring him. He lives upon applause, and can be worked up to a frenzy by the encouragement of his audience. Without it he lacks inspiration. Nor will he stay long in uncongenial surroundings. He is a wayward, spoilt, passionate child whose outlook on life is the "fronton", the wall against which he plays. He will go on literally until he drops, for, in Spain, it is no unusual thing for the player to be carried out faint with exhaustion. So fiercely does the flame burn in him that he seldom lives beyond five-and-thirty. Whether or not London appreciates this strange product, the experiment of the Winter Club can hardly fail to commend itself to all lovers of games.

Mr. Harrison Weir, who died after a long illness on Tuesday, was a gigantic worker in his own field of black and white journalism. Some of his best work—and there never could be a doubt about his strength as a draughtsman—appeared long since in books illustrated by himself, the Dalziels, and Birket Foster. Mr. Weir drew poultry and knew poultry far better than any English artist. But this was only one branch of nature in which he practised with felicity.

"AT GRIPS."

"THE pace is getting very hot." We hear this from all sides: and we are not surprised. It is only natural that the present election should be fought with far more determination and energy than was the very half-hearted affair of 1900. At that time every patriotic man knew that the interests of the country required that there should be no change of government. The South African crisis must be seen through by the Unionists, that was the view of the non-party voter and he acted on it. The party leaders and managers on either side knew he would act in this way and felt no stimulus to extreme exertion. The whole thing was a foregone conclusion. This time it is all very different. There is no great international crisis to overshadow the party fight. Unionist foreign policy in the hands of Lord Lansdowne has left the country in such an easy state of international tranquillity that everyone feels free to turn to domestic disputes and rejoice in a straight party fight. This need not be regretted, for it only means plenty of life and spirit in the campaign. It would be a great misfortune if electors became too intelligent to take elections seriously. If everyone read between the lines and dived below the surface, the representative system would collapse; for it is only professionals who would care to go on making sound and fury after they had convinced themselves that it signified nothing. Fortunately, as we do enjoy the infinite blessing of popular government, most people take it all in the most deadly earnest and are quite keen to fly at one another's throats. But election rage should be tempered with decorum: there is some ground for fear that decorum, and indeed decency, may be less in evidence than could be desired. There are signs of an ugly temper about—this is no doubt partly due to the feeling on the Liberal side that theirs is a battle of desperation. Their ten years in the cold has been a hard discipline: they have not known the pleasantness of place for so long that one can understand their being somewhat embittered. Now at last they have a chance and they are not going to lose it for excessive delicacy of scruple. They have not been in power, as Lord Rosebery reminded them in Cornwall, for a generation; if they lose now, they may well be out of power for another generation; and they shudder at the prospect. We must not expect any chivalry, not to suggest generosity, from Liberals this time. In some ways this is a fighting advantage to them: they have the stimulus of men fighting with their backs against the wall. To Unionists on the other hand there is a temptation to feel that after all they have had a long innings. Why should they trouble themselves to make any great exertion? In any case a Liberal Government cannot last long. Our turn is sure to come again very soon. This frame of mind we believe to be a very real danger on our side; and pains should not be spared to show Unionist electors why they are not justified in taking this easy view of the situation.

We may thank the Government, especially the Prime Minister, for giving material assistance in dispelling Unionist complacency. We will not deny that if no member of the Cabinet had made a speech since the Liberals came into office, with Sir Edward Grey at the Foreign Office, Mr. Asquith as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. Haldane at the War Office, we might ourselves have been inclined to think that an interlude of Liberal Government might not be a bad thing. Mr. Balfour needed a rest and fiscal reform would not be seriously checked by a little delay. But the speeches of the Prime Minister and some of his colleagues have left no room for this benevolent attitude. It is perfectly plain that we have to deal with a Government actively anti-imperial, a Government which even in a short term of office might and almost certainly would seriously injure our relations with the colonies, and in any case will undoubtedly leave on them a very bad impression. Then to lower the defensive force of the Empire is to be a deliberate part of their plan. Mr. Haldane's speech in the City has in no sense allayed our anxiety on that head. The Liberal Imperialists, who were to give the country a sense of security, having swallowed the sop of high office thrown to them

by the anti-imperial Prime Minister, seem to have been drugged. At any rate they seem to be incapacitated for the time being. They make no running: it is all done by the other side, by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, by Mr. Lloyd-George, Mr. Birrell, and Mr. Burns. And if any of the Liberal Leaguers does raise his voice, he sings very piano indeed.

Then it is a Home Rule Government. The supposed safeguard against Home Rule provided by the inclusion of Liberal Imperialists has come to nothing. The Irish Nationalists have settled this question finally by directing their supporters throughout the country to vote for Liberals. They are not the men to give their support for nothing. The "Freeman's Journal" leaves no doubt in the matter, stating plainly that Irish Nationalists in England are directed to vote for Liberals on no English grounds of any sort, but solely on the Irish ground that they are pledged to give Home Rule to Ireland.

Mr. Birrell, too, has told Churchmen what sort of generosity they may expect from him. All denominational schools are to be taken from the Church which provided the buildings and for very many years a large part of the upkeep. The churches will have no voice in the choice of teachers, and religious education in school hours is to be regulated on one cast-iron State pattern. His suggestion of compensation to be paid by the State for the buildings it is to take over from the churches, buildings put up and kept in structural repair by the churches alone, is too nebulous to reassure us. By a supreme act of condescension and generosity the Government propose to allow the churches to give religious instruction to their children in the school buildings out of school hours at their own expense. Mr. Birrell, probably of intention, leaves it uncertain whether this bountiful concession is to apply to all elementary schools or only to those he proposes to take away from religious societies. We doubt if it can be extended to the county (technically the provided) schools without the repeal of the Cowper-Temple clause. No doubt that is why Mr. Birrell avoided the point. If the Government try to get an Education Bill through on these lines they will have their work cut out. We doubt their doing it with any majority they can even expect to obtain. The Church of England, and all English Roman Catholics, will repel the offer, which strikes Mr. Birrell as so generous, with contempt. Religious teaching pushed out of school hours and given as an extra would become a farce. Every child that attended it would feel he was being kept in when he ought to be at play. As a solution of the religious question the suggestion is merely disingenuous. Mr. Birrell knows it could not work and therefore is willing to make a present of it to his opponents. On the other hand Dr. Clifford and his gang will be incensed at an apparent concession whose futility they will not have the intelligence to perceive. Mr. Birrell will be faced with the full force of the Opposition, probably strengthened with Irish Nationalist votes, and then he will have to face the House of Lords. We doubt any serious effort being made to persevere with this scheme. In the meantime it will arouse Churchmen to an activity during this election they would have hardly shown without it. They will fight the Liberals with all the more enthusiasm that Mr. Balfour in his address has formally adopted the right plan; by which religious teaching will be made an integral part of the school curriculum and parents have their children taught in school and in school hours according to the views of the church to which they belong. We are glad Mr. Balfour adopts this view now. We wish, as we urged at the time, he had incorporated this plan in his Education Act of 1902. It would have greatly improved the present position. In the meantime we are pleased that the Bishops are all supporting this mode of settlement.

Even if there were but negative grounds for opposing the Liberals, Conservatives would be left by these pronouncements of the Government with absolutely no choice but to fight them with all the energy and all the ingenuity they can bring to bear upon the contest. But the constructive aspect of the Unionist position is also well defined and, to us at any rate, as compelling as the negative. Mr. Balfour's address makes it finally and authoritatively plain that fiscal reform is to be the first piece of constructive work the next Unionist

Government will take in hand. The old policy of imposing duties only for revenue purposes is to be abandoned; tariffs are to be used to induce foreign countries to lower their tariffs against British goods, and, most important of all, preference is to be shown to colonial imports over foreign imports in return for a like preference by the colonies for British imports. This is the policy of Mr. Balfour, the leader of the Unionist party. If on reading his speeches and his address side by side with Mr. Chamberlain's Liberals can find evidence of division in the Unionist party, they are welcome to the discovery. There is one division, it is true; the Duke of Devonshire's letter to Mr. Elliot makes it clear that he is no longer a member of the Unionist party. He attempts to belittle the danger of Home Rule and declines in set terms to follow Mr. Balfour in abandoning the doctrine that tariffs must be only for revenue purposes. It is idle any longer to count the "free fooders" as members of the Unionist party. They may still be opposed to Home Rule, but the party does not exist only to oppose Home Rule. It was certain to come to this from the beginning. We give them all credit for obeying their convictions; we regret that their convictions are no longer compatible with the policy of the party and that therefore they have to withdraw. Many of them are able and some of them are distinguished men: but it is not the first time that both able and distinguished men have been honestly mistaken.

WHERE ARE THE LIBERAL IMPERIALISTS?

IN these days it would be strange if a Government even with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman at its head were altogether without an imperialist element. In point of fact three prominent members of the Liberal Imperialist League hold important offices in the present administration. And at first sight the presence of Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Haldane would seem to provide the Cabinet with an element sufficient to bring it into line with the dominant aspirations of the nation. But the Government programme as disclosed by the Prime Minister at the Albert Hall, and by other members of the administration in their recent speeches, shows that this is not the case. Whether the Liberal Imperialist wing have already begun to sulk in their tents, or whether they have been brought into line with the anti-imperialist majority of the Government, need not be decided. What concerns us is the plain fact that a month of office has sufficed to exhibit the members of the present Government as collectively the most pronounced opponents of imperial development this country has seen in office for very many years; certainly since the Gladstone Government of 1880-1885.

First, we have Lord Elgin's dispatch arresting the importation of Chinese labour into the Transvaal. We say nothing of the morality of men who now admit that what they denounced in Opposition as slavery forced upon the colony is a measure concerning which the wishes of the white inhabitants of the Transvaal have not yet been "authoritatively expressed". That is a subject which we reserve for separate treatment. But we do say that this dispatch of Lord Elgin, whether it be an election fly-sheet or an injurious interference with industrial freedom, is in its manner gratuitously offensive alike to the High Commissioner and to the great majority of the industrial population of the Transvaal. To find such another document penned by a Secretary of State to a South African Governor we must go back to the notorious dispatch of Charles Grant, afterwards Lord Glenelg, which reversed the frontier policy of Sir Benjamin D'Urban, and thereby gave the final impulse which led to the secession of the emigrant farmers and the dismemberment of European South Africa. And that Lord Elgin of all men should have put his name to this dispatch shows to what a degree of impotency the imperialists in the Cabinet have been reduced. For if Lord Elgin will allow his memory to carry him back to the summer of 1895 he will remember that he, though he owed his appointment as Viceroy of India to Mr. Gladstone, was saved from the humiliation of seeing his Chitral policy reversed only by the return to power of a Unionist Government which immediately countermanded the orders

previously given by the Rosebery Cabinet for the evacuation of the whole of that province.

While in South Africa the Government desires, "so far as it is practicable to do it forthwith", to blight the expansion of the mining industry—the industry upon the prosperity of which the material and administrative development of the whole sub-continent depends—in India it proposes to arrest a work of no less vital importance to the Empire—the organisation and development of the military resources available for the defence of the great dependency. To say, as the Prime Minister did, that the Government intends to maintain "the sacred principle of the subordination of the military to the civil authority", is merely an attempt to confuse the issue. The Commander-in-Chief has always been, and must always remain, subordinate to the Viceroy as the embodiment of the civil authority. What is affected by the new system is not the relationship between the civil and military authority, but the question whether the Commander-in-Chief is, or is not, to be put into a position which will enable him to give effective advice on military matters to the Viceroy; whereas under the still existing system the Military Member of Council has come to stand between the Commander-in-Chief and the Viceroy. In other words the Commander-in-Chief would enjoy once more his proper position of military adviser to the Viceroy. As the removal of the intermediate adviser, in the form created by the present military membership of Council, is regarded by Lord Kitchener as essential to the success of his task, the abandonment of the new system carries with it his resignation. However little the electors may understand the controversy between Lord Curzon and the India Office, they know that Lord Kitchener is a great soldier and a determined reformer; and they will scarcely view with satisfaction his premature removal from the task upon which he was employed with almost universal approval.

But the anti-imperialist zeal of the Government is not bounded by these immediate and specific intentions. To arrest the development of a great province of the Empire, and to stultify and recall Lord Kitchener, are mere inconsiderable trifles to be picked up pending its victory—or defeat—at the polls. Its members do not hesitate to tell us that they contemplate other attacks upon the imperial fabric, the effects of which if they are carried out will be more general and more permanent. All effort for the maintenance of British interests in whatever quarter of the globe; all sacrifice for the principle of imperial unity however rich a return it may promise in the future and especially every device of statesmanship for organising, consolidating and developing the power in men and revenue resources of the Empire—these things are to them anathema. Members of the Government, such as the Prime Minister and Mr. Burns, are declaring the South African war—a war waged to maintain the British supremacy in South Africa, which had been gravely impaired, and for the preservation of the Empire—to be a "disaster", "calamitous", and "discreditable". Observe it is not the methods of the war nor the deficiencies of the War Office that irritate the Government; but the circumstance that the war should have been made at all. And Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Haldane, these three Liberal Imperialists, where are they when these things are said? Once they openly differed on these questions from Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his Radical associates. Now they sit with them on the same platforms and share with them the same council table. Apparently "Office shows the man", and the bargain with the Nationalists and the deliberate pronouncement that the fighting strength of the Empire (fleet as well as army) ought to be reduced, fit in admirably with these other ministerial symptoms. An elector who cannot diagnose the disease must be a fool indeed.

THE CHINESE ATTITUDE TO FOREIGNERS.

THERE seems to arise periodically in the Western mind a conviction that now at last China is going to "progress"—that is, not only to adopt Western appliances but to purify her administrative

system, reform her judicial codes and generally re-organise herself along Western lines. It began in the early sixties, when China was characterised as "the great opportunity of the day", and sanguine youths went out in the expectation of finding—if not a pagoda-tree fully grown, at least an excellent opportunity of planting and cultivating each one his own. The fact that most of them had to "eat disappointment" did not prevent a revival of the fiction, a few years later, when Mr. Burlingame undertook to persuade Western Powers that the one thing needful was to treat China on a footing of equality—forgetting, as was remarked at the time in the "North China Herald", that she "was not on that footing as regarded civilisation, enlightenment or honesty of purpose"; and Sir Rutherford Alcock had to assure one who came expecting to build lines of telegraph that "of the desire for progress which the Chinese Mission then in Europe had assured people at home was so ardent and general with the rulers of China, there was no evidence at Peking". It was about this time (1868) that the Tsung-li Yamen expressed a purpose of framing an international code, and our Board of Trade wrote complacently about the widespread benefits that were going to ensue. An improvement of the currency also was noted as desirable, and Chang Chi-tung did actually set up, some twenty years later, a mint for the coinage of dollars, when he was Viceroy of the Two Kwang. His example was imitated in other provinces, but the result has been chiefly to make confusion worse, and a solution can hardly have been brought nearer by the enormous output of ten-cash pieces in which provincial governments have discovered a temporary source of wealth. Foreign observers predict, on the contrary, a plethora and a slump of coins which are worth intrinsically about five; depreciation is stated, indeed, to have become already so manifest in Hupeh that Chang Chi-tung—always to the fore—has ordered his mint to reduce its output from 10,000,000 to 5,000,000 coins a day! The Tientsin massacre of 1870, the murder of Margary in 1875, the French war about Tongking in 1885, each excited mild expectations of change; but certainty was again felt that there would be a great forward movement after the war with Japan in 1895, and the Emperor did issue a series of edicts designed to have far-reaching effect; in the forefront of which Kang Yu-wei had, to his credit be it remembered, persuaded him to put judicial reform. But the reactionaries with the Empress Dowager at their head beheaded the leading Reformers, exiled others, and re-established things as before. There followed the Boxer rising, when Europe was going really to insist and drew up a wonderful protocol of which the indemnities chiefly endure. But everything was going to be put right in the Mackay treaty of 1902; yet judicial reform, and mining regulations, and inland taxation and such details seem much where they were.

If callow students who resent their country being treated differently from Japan would reflect on these things, and draw comparisons, they might surely come to perceive that China is treated differently because she is different in well nigh every respect. After one or two outbreaks of angry objection, Japanese statesmen recognised foreign intercourse as inevitable, and set to work to adapt themselves to it albeit they had themselves developed an art and a social organisation of which they might well be proud. Recognising that here were people from whom they had much to learn, and whose methods they must in some measure assimilate if they would command the respect to which their patriotism impelled them to aspire, they went abroad to learn and engaged foreigners to come in and teach; and they have their reward. The great aim of China, on the contrary, has been to keep foreigners at a distance. It was written of her in 1869 that she "claimed the consideration due to a powerful and enlightened state, but showed neither power nor enlightenment"; that, "though ready to claim the privileges, she was far from ready to make the concessions inseparable from the position she covets". And what was true of her then is approximately true of her now. If there was one respect in which the Chinese were held immeasurably superior to the Japanese, in the earlier days of our intercourse,

it was in commerce. Yet, as Mr. Brennan remarked lately at the Society of Arts, "a great portion of the merchandise now supplied by Japan to China is what China, with equal chances, might equally well supply for herself and even more cheaply; but China showed as great ingenuity in stifling industrial development as Japan had shown in fostering it". The cry of China for the Chinese (to quote from the speech of the President, at the recent China Association dinner) "must command respect and sympathy in so far as it implies a will on the part of all concerned to develop the resources and improve the administration of the Empire; but it is otherwise when we find it means China for the mandarins for the laity will adventure no money in enterprises which the mandarins are to control". One can enter into the feeling of angry humiliation with which Young China sees its Government denied the equal treatment granted to Japan. One can understand the resentment of Seniors who were taught to believe their country entitled to respect in virtue of its entity as the central land, of the divine commission of its ruler, and of the antiquity and superiority of its civilisation. But one stands amazed at the fatuity which mistakes self-assertion for desert, and at the failure to imitate Japan in taking steps to earn the respect which Japan is there to prove will be paid when it is due.

Take the recent riots at Shanghai originating ostensibly in a fracas between the Municipal Police and the Chinese satellites of that Mixed Court which was instituted, some forty years ago, to deal with the large and steadily-growing Chinese population, who prefer to live within the Foreign Settlement instead of under Native administration in the adjacent city and suburbs. The simple fact is that the Mixed Court, like every other Chinese institution, needs reform—in respect of procedure, prison and personnel—a need which will be found expressed in the "North-China Herald" seven-and-thirty years ago and periodically ever since. Six months ago, the Municipal Council became urgent, and propounded certain regulations (which the Foreign Consuls approved and commended to the Taotai) providing for supervision by the municipal police, to prevent culprits getting off their sentences by bribing the Runners or being detained for purposes of extortion, and that "female prisoners should be detained in the [new] female ward [of the municipal gaol] . . . and, should the magistrate refuse to hear their case, be returned to it as if on remand". But the Chinese officials care more, apparently, to extend their authority in the Foreign Settlement than to have prisoners treated humanely and, when the British Assessor ordered certain women accused of kidnapping to be removed, in pursuance of the above rule, to the municipal gaol, the assistant Chinese magistrate ordered his Runners to take them to the Chinese prison. There ensued a fracas which ended in the municipal police accomplishing their object; and there followed, nearly a week later, riots which necessitated calling out the Volunteers and the landing of strong detachments from the men-of-war which chanced opportunely to be present. Now, seeing that hardly any one ranks lower in popular esteem than a Yamen Runner, and that against hardly any class of criminal does popular feeling run higher than against kidnappers, the idea of popular sympathy with either may be dismissed. But anti-foreign demonstrations can be got up when the officials are known to be sympathetic, and such an utterance as that in which the Taotai praised the magistrate's bravery in maintaining his country's sovereign rights was sufficient to give the cue. The native guilds seem, indeed, to have expressed a frank belief that the riots were due to his encouragement; and it is scarcely surprising that, if Chinese officials of his rank show so little discretion, younger men should go on to excite the populace to violent demonstrations. And there are always, in a great Chinese city, thousands whom the chance of plunder will carry farther than the original agitators probably designed.

When China shall have reformed her judicial system, her gaol-wardens and her prisons there will be no need for violent demonstrations in the Courts or in the streets to obtain for her executive the respect which she will have earned. The misfortune is that her rulers have

always tried to assert themselves by resistance rather than by reform, by improving the army rather than the administration, by keeping foreigners at arm's length rather than by engaging their help. The wave of Chauvinism which is now passing over the country is due probably to various causes, among which the defeat of a European by an Asiatic Power, the guarantee of integrity (which is apt to be translated as immunity) by the Anglo-Japanese treaty, and jealousy of the superior consideration shown to Japan are probably chief. But deep down also is the traditional vanity of the literate, fostered during centuries of isolation, which resents foreign intrusion and resents a superiority which Japan was wise enough to admit and to obviate by study and assimilation. The military colleges which are being sedulously fostered may or may not turn out officers capable of leading in successful warfare the troops which are being so assiduously organised. But—necessary though the consciousness of strength may be to a nation's self-respect—the misguided youths who mistake self-assertion for patriotism would do well to reflect that Japan earned the abolition of extra-territoriality, by judicial and other reforms, years before she surprised the world by her military and naval prowess at Port Arthur, Moukden and Tsushima. We doubt very much, indeed, whether Chinese magistrates desire the abolition of extra-territoriality at all. They desire neither the trouble nor the responsibility of dealing with foreign criminals or disputes. But it makes a good cry for the turbulent youths who have proved so unruly that the Japanese authorities have had to take exceptional measures with them even in Tokio; and to turn such men loose in a Chinese crowd is to put new wine into old bottles indeed. Besides, it is a curious fact that Chinese educated abroad are always the most anti-foreign; and the Assistant Magistrate whose action at the Mixed Court began the recent trouble was, for three years, a student at King's College, London!

THE ALIENS ACT AT WORK.

DWELLERS in districts of London such as Stepney, Whitechapel, Bethnal Green and Shoreditch have a peculiar interest in the beginning of the new year because it brings into operation the Aliens Act. They at least will watch its working closely, and to them one of the events of the week has been the arrival of the first batches of immigrants and the rejection of a considerable proportion of the diseased and impecunious who would otherwise have been landed to swell the numbers of this class of aliens already here. At Grimsby too the same weeding process has gone on so that there has been ocular demonstration to all that whatever else might be said against the Act, the prophecy of its opponents that it would prove futile has already been falsified. The knowledge that the Act is proving effective in those quarters where it is of special importance will be useful to the candidates for Parliament who support the Government which persisted against factitious opposition in passing this useful Act. If as an election cry it is not quite a match for Chinese labour it has the merit of being founded on facts and not fictions; though in an election that is a doubtful advantage.

As the Act has been in operation only a few days there is little actual experience to refer to, but an examination of the rules and orders and the memorandum issued by the Home Office shows that a large discretion has been given to the administrators of the Act, and that they have already used it wisely in respect of some matters of difficulty which were raised in Parliament. There is for instance the ingenious discovery made much of in some papers that the tourist business of the shipping companies would be so disarranged that they were about to cease issuing cheap tickets to the pleasure and health resorts of Belgium and the North of France. They could not continue their present system on account of the hindrances and expense which would be imposed on them by their vessels having to be examined for the undesirable alien if their cheap bookings continued. Nor would such tourists as seek the Netherlands or Belgium for summer relaxation or to cultivate their French care to expose themselves to

the annoyance of being taken for prima-facie aliens. But the discoverers of this unhappy state of things, who drew a moving picture of the consternation of the English South-coast towns as well as of the Belgian and Dutch resorts, overlooked two facts. One is that the Home Secretary has power to exempt any immigrant ships in regard to inspection and leave to land, so that all alien passengers who are actually booked as second-class passengers would be relieved from inspection. Therefore the class of tourist passengers we are speaking of, the fellow-voyagers of these aliens, would not be exposed to inconvenience. The other fact is that the Secretary of State has actually applied this order to all the cross-Channel companies, and with the exception of the Belgian Government's line all have entered into the required bond assuring that they will not land undesirable immigrants. This is worth noticing. It has been objected to the Act that it would not keep out the well-to-do male and female alien rascality who are the pests of London and other cities. But this privilege to the shipping companies secures their aid on a point where it must be admitted the Act was helpless. The bond is taken under a heavy penalty, and if any company is actually shown to have landed any immigrant of this class even inadvertently it appears that the penalty would be recoverable and the privilege might be withdrawn. Parliament probably legislated better than it knew when it conferred the general power on the Home Secretary.

A propos of this uncalculated help to the exclusion of the vicious and criminal alien we may mention that on the second day of the coming of the Act into operation two cases, one in London, the other at Newcastle, show how beneficially the Act will work in this respect. After conviction of an alien for any offence the Court may certify to the Home Secretary of this fact and recommend that an expulsion order should be made. In the London case the magistrate postponed sentence until he had considered the Act. In the Newcastle case the Bench sentenced the prisoner, a German Jew from Leipzig who had been seven years in England and had several previous convictions against him, to three months' imprisonment and undertook to certify and recommend to the Home Office that at the end of his term he should be sent out of the country. There must be a difficulty in such cases as these, where the alien has been long in England, of throwing the responsibility on the shipper who brought him over; and there is nothing in the rules which explains what the procedure for re-transferring the alien would be. Also there is the larger question, where aliens are rejected as destitute or diseased so as probably to become a burden, and the shippers are bound to take them back. As in Germany they may be refused re-admission unless they have a certain amount of means. There is no statement in the rules and order or memorandum of what the Home Secretary proposes to do in such cases as these. They suggest difficulties which may cause some trouble. They are in an entirely different category from the artificial difficulty which the officials at Southampton raised over the landing of a crew of shipwrecked American sailors on the ground that they were "destitute aliens". This is sheer absurdity and farce, but no doubt an order of the Home Secretary will be sufficient to prevent any similar foolish proceeding of the kind in future.

The chief points to which the Home Secretary's orders relate for the purpose of supplementing and completing the Act are as follows. Thirteen ports are to be named "Immigration Ports", and at present they are Cardiff, Dover, Folkestone, Grangemouth, Grimsby, Harwich, Hull, Leith, Liverpool, London (including Queenborough), Newhaven, Southampton, and the Tyne ports (comprising Newcastle, North Shields, and South Shields). All immigrant ships into the United Kingdom will have to come to one of these ports; and an immigrant ship is one which brings more than twelve alien steerage passengers to this country. All passengers are to be reckoned steerage who in a vessel of more classes of accommodation than one are not entitled to use the first-class accommodation. Where there is only one class of accommodation on board all the alien passengers will be steerage passengers. These steerage pas-

sengers of the immigrant ships on arriving at the immigrant ports are all liable to be inspected for the purpose of discovering those who are undesirable immigrants either from want of means, as being a lunatic or idiot, having a disease or infirmity which might render him incapable of earning his living (and chiefly amongst Russian immigrants one very frequent infirmity is trachoma, a form of ophthalmia due to foul sanitary conditions), as having committed an extradition crime, or having had made against him an order of expulsion as before mentioned. At any other ports than immigration ports the master of the ship on arrival has to make a return under heavy penalty of all alien passengers; but there is no inspection. It is only at the immigration ports that immigration officers and medical inspectors are appointed for the examination, and an Immigration Board established for the purpose of hearing appeals from the decisions of those officers. Aliens are not to be landed until after inspection unless arrangements are approved for conditional landing and this has already been done for certain places. In the case of transmigrants, those who have through tickets, say to America, may be conditionally landed. If they are landed at Grimsby for example and are to proceed to Liverpool they are handed over under strict conditions to the officers of the line by which they are to be taken to America. As regards lack of means, which make an undesirable alien, if he is otherwise eligible and possesses five pounds, with an additional two pounds for each dependent, he will be allowed to land. If he has not these means the question then becomes is he in a position to obtain the means of decently supporting himself and family, if he is allowed to land; and all the circumstances of his case would have to be inquired into. There are also the cases of those who have not the means nor the proof of fair prospects of obtaining means but who, the Act says, shall be allowed to land if they are seeking admission solely to avoid prosecution or punishment on religious or political grounds or for an offence of a political character or to avoid persecution on account of religious belief. Until returns are made it will not be possible to estimate how these vague exemptions will affect the influx of immigrants. The orders of the Home Secretary neither do nor can make this matter more definite than it was left by Parliament.

THE CITY.

THE New Year opened on Tuesday quietly but on the whole satisfactorily. Money is more plentiful in London, but scarcer in New York, where sensational rates still rule for daily loans. Brokers say that there has been a good deal of steady investment during the week. The collapse of the Moscow revolution and the evident determination of the Russian Government to put down disorder has had a soothing effect on foreign bourses, and though it is too soon to say that the trouble is over, it looks as if the new constitution would get a trial. The pacification of Russia would of course remove the only obstacle to an all-round rise in prices.

Prices in the American railway market continue to move up and down with narrow limits. It has been suggested that the Standard Oil and Morgan interests are lending money at these usurious rates, and that when money becomes cheap in New York the market will collapse. This is however too paradoxical to be true, though it is doubtless the fact that the big groups will sell their holdings to the public as soon as the latter are enabled to speculate with cheaper money. The cheapest stock in this market is in our judgment Chesapeake at 58 or 59. The stock is earning over 4 per cent. and has already paid 2, and, as the line and rolling-stock are in first-rate condition, it is almost certain that a 3 per cent. dividend will be declared in the early fall, preparatory to putting the stock on a 4 per cent. basis. On a conservative estimate therefore Chesapeake are worth 70 to-day. Union Pacifics seem to be taking a rest after their sensational rise of 20 points, and hover round about 153, though intrinsically they are worth 200. Steel Commons have

touched 45, and reacted, which is a healthy sign. As Mr. Pierpont Morgan is credited with prophesying that they would reach par by April 1906 it is probable that by that date they will be at 50. Baltimores are very steady and our opinion remains unchanged that these shares will at an early date be taken in hand and will go much higher, as they are already paying 5 per cent.

Incredible as it may appear, people are actually taking to buying South African mines. The electioneering dodge of the Radical Government about Chinese labour seems to have failed to frighten the market, and houses that have hitherto been "bears" have turned "bulls". The prices of the good mines, like Ferreiras, Crowns, and Angelos, rose on Thursday afternoon in quite an encouraging manner. The Vereeniging Estates Company, which is managed by Messrs. Lewis and Marks, deserves attention, not only because it is not a gold mine, but because its financial position seems very sound. The capital is £730,000, and the debenture issue only £20,000, there having been redeemed £10,000 during the past year. The company owns 129,092 acres in the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies, and it extracted during the year 280,968 tons of coal, making a net profit of £22,450. It has been an exceptionally bad year for Vereenigings, as a fire broke out at the Central Mines, and the directors have written off their claims against the Government arising out of the war. Altogether, the amount written off comes to £72,095, leaving the balance standing at the credit of profit and loss account at £64,026. This is sound and prudent finance. But besides their coal deposits, the company makes bricks and tiles, breeds horses, has planted 3,000,000 odd trees, and is considering the question of sheep-farming. The one thing needful in our new colonies is to start alternative industries, and not to be dependent on gold alone. As a coal and commercial company, if well managed, Vereenigings ought some day to earn good dividends, and as an investment for 8 or 10 per cent. the shares look worth buying.

In the copper market prices continue to rise, rage Mr. Lawson never so furiously. Anacondas have touched 14 and fallen to 13. Spasskys rose £1 in two days, from 6½ to 7½, and their supporters talk them to a price we dare not mention. If the situation in Russia continues to mend (the mine is in Siberia), Spasskys might have a big rise. A good gamble in this market is Lloyd's copper, the shares of which stand at 75. Negotiations are in progress for the acquisition of another property, and if the deal goes through the shares will rise, it is said, £1 or £1 10s. At any rate there cannot be much risk in the venture as the shares cannot go much lower than they are now.

The Argentine market still continues good. Opinions differ as to whether Cédulas are worth 30 or 40. Speculation continues in Entre Rios Ordinary, and Buenos Ayres and Pacific are slowly making their way up to 150.

INSURANCE COMMISSIONS AND REBATES.

WE have frequently referred to the practice adopted by many insurance companies of giving commission to private policy-holders on their own cases. The subject is being dealt with sensibly and at considerable length in the "Post Magazine", which is the insurance paper with the largest circulation. The matter is there regarded from the point of view of insurance agents and brokers, but it also concerns the general body of policy-holders, whose interests in this case are identical with those of the insurance agents.

To a continually increasing extent it is possible for an individual, who has no intention of introducing anything but his own proposal, to obtain commission from some insurance companies. This means that for all practical purposes life assurance is sold to one policy-holder at a lower price than to others, a practice which is entirely opposed to the whole idea of fairness and mutuality upon which insurance, especially life assurance, is based. There is a further consequence which is diametrically opposed to the interests of policy-holders. Since the companies have to rely

for the bulk of their business upon agents whose sole or principal work is to obtain proposals, it becomes necessary to pay the agents a higher rate of commission in order that they in turn may allow rebates to private policy-holders. We saw the consequences of this rebate system in the American Life offices which sometimes gave commission amounting to the whole of the first year's premium. They also had a practice of paying an agent a higher rate of commission on all the business done if the volume of new assurance exceeded a specified amount. In order to pass this amount it frequently paid an agent to introduce policy-holders and pay the whole of the first year's premium for them. At no cost to the policy-holder he was insured for a year, and when the second premium became due he declined to pay it, with the result that the insurance company lost heavily by the transaction. Apart from cases of this kind the system of rebate became so ruinously expensive that even the American offices had to cry a halt and take very stringent measures for stopping the abuse.

British companies are threatened with the same evil. If they give rebates to private policy-holders they must either pay increased commission to the agents, or it will cease to be worth while for men to make it their special business to obtain insurance proposals. To those who know the facts it is quite obvious that for a policy-holder to assure with a company which gives him rebate is unwise. The best companies abstain from the practice, and a policy-holder obtains far better value for money by paying the full premium to a good company than he does by paying a reduced premium to an inferior company. This remark applies principally to life offices, but the rebate evil is also rampant among fire insurance companies, and on many classes of risks the policy-holder undoubtedly gains by getting himself appointed an agent for the purpose of receiving the commission on his own policy. Fire offices of course work on a lower plane than life assurance companies, since the Fire Offices Committee has abolished mutual fire insurance and the business now is avowedly nothing but a source of income for shareholders.

Attempts are being made to bring about co-operation between agents and brokers and to obtain an act of parliament authorising registration, prohibiting the payment of commission to any but registered agents and brokers, and providing that an annual fee should be paid for registration. The "Post Magazine" says: "It has been computed that probably one half of the commissions paid by companies are not really earned. This means to the British companies, in fire business alone, more than one million sterling per annum." We are disposed to think that this statement is by no means exaggerated, and it shows the huge proportions to which the practice has grown. If the efforts of agents and brokers are properly made and adequately supported, they should result in the complete suppression of rebating. The good companies have everything to gain and nothing to lose by supporting their agents in this matter, since the companies recognise quite clearly that the payment of rebates is an unnecessary expense brought about by competition. So far as the public are concerned they too should welcome the change, since it would tend to economy of management and the fairer treatment of policy-holders.

STARTING AFRESH.

THE idea of starting afresh never loses its fascination and though we never do really start afresh, as we well know, we are always pretending we do both to ourselves and the rest of the world. New years are a notable example of man's power of pretence, and faculty of creating illusions, whereby he shows himself the child that he really is until the last moment of his life. A child personifies everything and so does man and it is personification carried to an extreme when he can picture such an abstraction as a new year. At the last stroke of midnight he imagines the death of a person he calls the old year, and at the same moment the birth of a new personality whom he

calls the new. He identifies himself at once with the dead and the living; the old year is himself: the new year is himself. Whatever has displeased him in his character or circumstances so far he will profess is past and done with. All that died with the old year. Whatever he wishes to be, or whatever set of circumstances he desires for himself, these he makes believe are far more likely to be accomplished through the magic resurrection of the new year out of the ashes of the old than if the imagined metamorphosis had not been worked. And he persists in doing this after he has long recognised the process to be the illusion it in fact is. In time it often happens that some men learn to regard very carelessly and indifferently anniversaries of all kinds, new years or birthdays, and to attach no significance to them. We have to confess they are logical; but they are logical at the expense of a vitality of sentiment and emotion which is far more valuable than logic, and reason, and hard-headedness for the better and happier management of life. A man has gained nothing, and has lost a good deal, when he has become so matter of fact that he says to himself it is all nonsense pretending that I am going to make a fresh start: I am not and I cannot, neither in the nature of things nor in my own nature. He may come to this but he is to be pitied. He is deprived of a source of refreshment which he can ill afford to despise. A man's temperament may be against him and he may not be able to take this refreshment; or circumstances may have reduced him to the lowest prosaic level; but at any rate there is no gain in deliberately starving to atrophy our mythopœic faculty on the ground of common sense. It is not being practical to neglect any contrivance for making things go easier; and a contrivance of commonplace utility may help us by ministering to the natural craving for starting afresh when monotony has gone on too long. A milestone on a long road does not merely measure miles; it indicates a new point of departure not only in space but in our feelings. Every one is a sort of fresh starting-point when we feel again more or less keenly the energy we began with; and this is a moral impulse which would be absent if the road was unmarked. It acts like a pacemaker whose function is to prevent the lethargy which comes from monotony settling on our minds.

The moral effect may be compared with the physical effect when a boxer or a runner gets his second wind and can begin again, though he thought he had already reached the end of his tether. Lawyers have set at defiance this law of nature and have concocted long documents without breaks and without punctuation; and the mere appearance of such documents is a terror and dismay to the layman. And even they have had to lay down fresh starting-places with their And Whereas and their Now this Indenture Witnesseth and the like oases in the desert of indistinguishable caligraphy. What are capital letters and the period but marks of new departure, not necessary in themselves but acting as stimulants and encouragements? Thus far have you achieved they say; on to the next stage where another triumph awaits you. You are no Laocoön struggling in a labyrinth of inextricable coils; you master each idea as it arises and advance to the conquest of the next without losing heart. The man who invented the paragraph in typography knew human nature; but the modern editors of the classics are as bad as the lawyers with their corpus poetarum printed in formidable heart-breaking columns with ne'er a capital to a page. Our divisions of the Bible narrative into chapters and verses often cuts into the story illogically; but notwithstanding they are more than a convenience; they are a help and have invigorated many a weary reader. Even Selah of mysterious import seems as it were the closing of an epoch and bids us pass on refreshed to the new which begins with the next verse.

To say that it is natural to like change and variety only expresses a fact, it does not give an explanation. The desire for the more serious changes is the desire of the moral reinvigoration which comes from the fresh start, the satisfaction derived from feeling that in some sense we have done with our dead selves and are about to make a resurrection whereby we

have hopes of becoming new creatures. We contrive outward changes and desire them as symbols of the mental process going on within us; and this is man's usual way of realising himself; he materialises his ideas. How can he mark his progress otherwise? How are the ethereal movements of the subtle electricity and light measured if not by mechanical contrivances rude and material compared with the things they measure? Our subtler natures mark their changes similarly. The register of the fresh start is seen in many things which have only a superficial and trivial appearance. It is found in dress, which registers very important changes that have the quality of the fresh start, from the time when the baby makes its first change from long to short clothes down at least to the time when the bride and bridegroom dress as they were never dressed before and will never be again. Marriage is perhaps the most important of the fresh starts that dress ever registers; but doctors only confirm a very general experience when they say that even the ordinary change from old clothes to new has a beneficial physical and moral effect. Change of residence is a very strong instance of a similar kind, and perhaps more definitely felt. It is not always mere dissatisfaction with house or rooms as such that prompts the desire to find oneself installed elsewhere. To change house or rooms satisfies a craving for a new influence and a desire to escape from a shell which has become irksome in more than a material sense. In some cases returning to live in the same town, or the same quarter of a town, or the house which one has once left, is felt to be utterly repugnant as if one were denaturalising one's growth and putting back the ripe fruits of experience into their former state of immaturity. And in the case of marriage, whatever other instincts may prompt it, most certainly one of the principal is the desire of doing something which shall constitute a fresh start in life. The young man often wishes it as realising for him a definite stage of manhood; the older bachelor, because he feels that some fresh start is absolutely necessary if he is to get new energy and vigour into his life and prevent it getting stale from monotony. On the reverse of the picture where a fresh start might afterwards be desired after matrimony we need not dwell. As men are children of a larger growth, it is not remarkable to find that they benefit from fresh starts in other things than matrimony, such as for instance in politics, as the schoolboy or collegian benefits from school or university terms. These are all new starts and help to revive the feeling of freshness from time to time. Not for any particular reason to be found in themselves. The home or school is failing of its full moral or intellectual effect. Then come the terms: once more the condition is changed and a definite new effect follows. As the electric current in a wire circuit only induces a current in another wire by alternate breaking and closing of the circuit, so by similar alternations men as well as youths get the most out of things. Historically we note changes of reigns in the same way that we mark the changes of the year. Every new reign is inevitably regarded as a fresh start in the nation's life and for this reason has more interest and importance attached to it than it intrinsically possesses. The same remark applies to changes of government and elections. The main benefit to be derived from them is not infrequently that which springs from the virtues of the fresh start, which is always largely a creature of the imagination.

WINTER EXHIBITION AT THE ACADEMY.

THE first room holds so much that is beautiful and interesting that the visitor might well be contented with so ample a shilling meal, say grace and come away. Going on, after our greedy fashion, he will find plenty of entertainment but also a good deal that would tire and flatten the appetite at any time, and much that refuses to fit pleasantly into one bill of fare. It may seem a thankless and fastidious attitude to complain of having so much to pick and choose from, but surely there should be a distinction between an exhibition and a sorting-room. At Christie's and in the other

sale-rooms we expect to find good, bad and indifferent and to do the sorting ourselves; at the Academy a good deal more of the sorting might be carried out behind the scenes. I resent, for example, coming away from the Academy with a shade of gloom cast over the figure of Reynolds in my mind, and the big room is arranged to that effect. The art of the two huge royal portraits is nearly drowned in bituminous glazes, and a landscape by Turner is awkwardly sandwiched between them to make this more evident. The end wall has an equally depressing centrepiece, flanked by two disagreeable late children's portraits, and the group of a mother and two children (87) has none of Reynolds's usual skill in design.

But artists on these walls do not only suffer at times from their own works; they have to bear the sins of others more than need be. A place of honour, in the great room, is given to a "Vandyck" ("Duke of Richmond and Lennox", No. 93), of which the original is in New York. This is one of several copies; another is at Ham House, where there is a fine genuine study for the greyhound. Near this the copy of another Vandyck ("Charles I.", No. 98) is set down to Dobson. It is much too feeble for Dobson, whose manner can be seen in a neighbouring group. It is probably, like another version of the same portrait in the National Portrait Gallery, by the copyist Henry Stone. A "Gainsborough" again (No. 34) has no resemblance to his work; it looks like an indication by Reynolds worked over; the "Martha Ray" also (25) must be by a commoner hand. The "Turner" (No. 56) may safely be set down to a well-known imitator, the "Crome" (No. 45) is one of those would-be collections of the original's bag of tricks that are amusing to study. Look at the helpless curvature of the branches, the sharp papy cutting of the clouds, and the ducks in the awkwardly compacted foreground. The list might be added to, but I cite only glaring cases, not those where a question might arise. The "Hogarth" (No. 7) is a case of a different sort. It is not at all like a Hogarth, but it is an interesting piece of work by some later hand influenced by Rembrandt's technique, and puzzling at that, as an eighteenth-century performance. Two "Raeburns" (Nos. 17 and 21) are also puzzling. The first, described as "John Gilbert, Esq.", is unlike Raeburn in modelling and in its pewter-toned colour, but is very accomplished in drawing, with a hint of the flashiness of the Lawrence time. Can it be a Watson Gordon? Even for work of our own time the cataloguer takes his duties lightly. The studies (No. 257) by Watts are not for the fresco of "Justice", but for the well-known mosaic of St. Matthew at St. Paul's, and another study of a figure with outstretched arms is probably for an angel in the St. John. About a drawing of the Quest of the Holy Grail (No. 179) ascribed to Rossetti I cannot say whether the catalogue is right or wrong. The drawing has been published as by Miss Siddal, and the angels look a little too diagrammatic for Rossetti, but it is a wonderful invention in dream architecture and geography. Look at the crucifix bars of the windows under which the shallow is swept.

I shall attempt no general account of the collection, but render my thanks for one or two unfamiliar pictures. Since it was whispered about two years ago that a big family group by Frans Hals had been lying for generations almost unknown in an English country house we have all been anxious to see it, and here it is (No. 102). Hals has given himself little trouble with the composition, which runs downhill with the figures uneasy in their distribution and balance, but his quick improviser's brush has arrested each one of them with such fulness of humorous life that he might seem to have done the impossible and painted a head between the beginning and end of a smile. At least he did it before his sitters were tired of the amusement of being painted. To heighten the joke the little nigger, who might have been expected to grin with all his teeth, is as solemn as an English footman. How artfully, to concentrate on this kind of effect, did Hals simplify his painting to drawing in thin blacks and greys with sparing, but precious touches of gold! The trees are pleasant screen-work, so little affected by the development of his technique for the figure that they might

be by another hand. It is unlikely that the group represents the painter and his family. The position of the man is not one a painter would find easy or even possible in painting himself.

From the same collection, that of Colonel Warde (England has secret stores of pictures still), comes another surprise of the exhibition, the "Mrs. Warde" by Opie (No. 35). Since the stock of Reynolds and Gainsboroughs has threatened to give out, there has been an immense hustling forward of the secondary men. Of Romney, Lawrence, Hoppner and Raeburn we have now a very clear idea, both in their best work and alas! in the monotonous and common mass of it. Opie has been less exploited, and I confess that for my part I connected nothing like this portrait with his name. He impressed his contemporaries immensely, not only the world of fashion, which besieged him for a time and then withdrew, but the best judges of painting. Reynolds is reported to have said that he was a Caravaggio and Velazquez in one. Northcote said he was the greatest man he had known, and the "Murder of Rizzio" (now at the Guildhall) crushed him when he saw it in its early stages. Haydon too was greatly struck with Opie's power. But all these accounts of him make him out a figure of rough intellectual force and speak of a corresponding force of effect in his painting that made amends for want of draughtsman's training. The Opie of the historical works has gone the way of Boydellism generally into the pit of asphaltum, and the Opie of the present exhibition at Burlington House is a very different person. The "Brown Boy" (No. 94) is a pretty, but rather weak performance. The portrait of Mrs. Warde, if neither very vigorous nor searching in its drawing, is not only charming in conception but a remarkable creation in its design of shadow and colour, not of the brown sort at all. The rose and pearl of the face is set in a delicious muffle of powder grey and cindery blacks, and across this is stuck a ribbon of beautifully modulated blue. "It is not exhaustive colour", as Mr. Holman Hunt says, of a Whistler; there is not a little bit of everything very bright, but there is perfect leading up to this treasured blue and no part of the harmony could be left out or bettered. The Gainsborough (No. 78), a portrait of Giardini, is as perfect in harmony, and more vivacious in expression and play of brush. Here the dominant colour is the scarlet of the coat, and this, instead of being a dead and dry glare angrily separated from everything else as in countless huntsmen's coats we have seen painted, flushes out in lovely relation to the warm brown background, the puce of the chair, and the fair full flesh tone, as if there were no difficulty in playing up to such a note. And there is a tiny fleck of vivid green blue for a spur or spice.

Allan Ramsay, absorbed and transformed into something richer by Reynolds, is beginning to establish again his own modest place. Beside a Reynolds, the "Mrs. Gore" (27) that shows his influence in its dainty detail, is an excellent example of his own work ("Lady Erskine", No. 33). Let the tenderness of it gain a little on the hardness, and it would be not unlike a Fantin. Hogarth's "Mrs. Desaguliers" (2) brings out what I have before remarked on, his close connexion with Lely in much of his technique and colour and in the fundamental mask of his faces.

The novelty in the Preraphaelite section is the appearance of a number of works by Simeon Solomon. He was a flabby acolyte of Rossetti in the drawings that are generally known. The quantity of his work now to be seen at Mr. Baillie's gallery (54 Baker Street) reveals a fitful gift of colour and design (see particularly a series of panels, "Day", "Night", &c., arranged as a screen). At the same gallery is an elaborate drawing by Rossetti which has never been exhibited or published, I think, an angel-choir about a death-bed. Also there is the painting by Madox Brown of "William the Conqueror" sent in to the Westminster Hall competition. This is a work whose vigorous and original design ought to have secured its erection at Westminster and deserves now to find it a place in the national collection.

D. S. MACCOLL.

THE HOLIDAY.

AH, well I know the song that early rang
My boyhood on from spring to fairer spring!
And well I love that song as when I sprang

To its first note with boyish welcoming.
O may its glory fail not from my sense
Till life itself shall pass on silent wing,

With love alone in last obedience
Across the Dark; nay, even in that hour
When clay shall merge in final consequence

With clay—while yet above me some strayed flower,
Young heartsease blue or blest anemone,
Looks to the sun, I would remained some power

In my cold sense to stir the heart of me
To heed if echoed faint such anthem there
As poured at waking from my window tree.
I rose and fed my soul on that sweet fare.

I rose and listened to the wildest lay
Brown song-thrush ever made to song-thrush brown,
And when that song was ended looked away

And saw the angel sunshine on the down.
I saw her largen yellow o'er the green
Wide fields; I saw her slowly sweep and crown

The proudest elm the sun hath ever seen.
I saw her search along the hedge and find
The bluest violet that e'er did lean

A shy face from a too attentive wind:
And in the gloried elm that angel found
The mildest dove that for a mild dove pined;

And from the grass to her embrace did bound
The loudest lark that ever dared the sun
Or swooned to earth, drunk with his own sweet sound.

Where e'er that angel would, a way she won:
I said I'll with her wed and with her roam:
Was never day for holiday begun
Like that when sunshine made my heart her home.

RALPH HODGSON.

AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

IF Mr. C. M. S. McLellan has not already joined the Y.M.C.A., let him be elected an honorary member. This was a recognition well earned. Nobody in our time has enforced so constantly on such large audiences the lessons which that admirable institution would have us learn. I have seen now three of Mr. McLellan's plays. With all their differences, there is one factor common to them all—one thing which their author cannot keep out. And this is, a study in the manifold temptations which beset the path of a young man, and in the disastrous consequences of yielding to them. In "Leah Kleschna" there was the sad case of a young Frenchman, bearer of an ancient and honoured name, endowed with no mean intellect, impersonated by Mr. Herbert Waring, but having a fatal weakness of character, in virtue of which he fell into bad company, squandered his substance in riotous living, sank so low as to steal a diamond necklace from the room of a friend, was detected, and "went under". You remember, also, the case of Harry Branson in "The Belle of New York". He had youth, health, a fond and wealthy parent, the opportunity of carving out for himself a

useful and honourable career. But metropolitan temptations were too strong for him. When the curtain rose, Mr. McLellan, with unflinching hand, showed Harry in the midst of intoxicated boon-companions, and showed him presently making love, on the morning of his wedding-day, to a girl from a confectioner's shop. And this was the son of a man fulfilled with missionary zeal. Mr. McLellan underlined the contrast unrelentingly. You remember the arrival of the father, and how Harry, docked of his resources, went forth into the world and became a bar-tender. But, clearly though you remember him and his counterpart in "Leah Kleschna", Mr. McLellan has not done with the type yet—does not yet feel that he has driven his lesson fully home. He gives us, at the Shaftesbury Theatre, yet another tract on the subject of youthful depravity "and all the woes it brings". René Delorme is not born rich, but he has great gifts for literature. He goes to perilous Paris, and there, writing for that peril within a peril, the Parisian theatre, he becomes wealthy; and with wealth comes sloth, self-indulgence, conjugal infidelity, love of champagne, followed by preference for brandy. His new play fails deservedly. What does he do? Does he pull himself together—shake off the evil influences of the theatre, and divert his talent into some cleaner channel? No; he sinks lower and lower. He urges starving workmen to attack the offices of David Martine, the industrious apprentice, his awful foil. The attack is repulsed, but he finds a way into the premises, and fires a revolver at David Martine, who, in reward for his own industriousness, bears a charmed life: the bullet kills Madame Delorme, René's long-suffering wife. In danger of arrest, René flies to a dense wood near the cottage in which he lived when he was an innocent child; and here he dies, stricken with remorse and terror.

It is a lesson to us all. And Mr. McLellan, so as to make it the sharper and more haunting, has had recourse to a new device. There is no prologue to "The Belle of New York". Harry Branson is not first shown to us "dying of his excesses," and imploring a figure of Death to let him live his life all over again. Nor is this how we first behold the young nobleman in "Leah Kleschna". René Delorme is, so far, unique. The figure of Death refers his prayer to the Jury of Fate, who consent to let the young man be born again into the next generation, with exactly the same temperament as he had before, but with full memory of his previous existence. René is sure that he will thus redeem his soul, living wisely and nobly in the light of his experience, grasping the opportunities which he had let slip, and shunning the pitfalls into which he had stumbled. But Death prophesies that his new life will, by reason of his weakness, be no better than his old one. And Death, as you know from what I have told you of the subsequent play, prophesies correctly. When the curtain fell on this prologue, I prophesied an interesting evening. Mine, however, was a prophecy that was not fulfilled.

Undoubtedly, the idea that had occurred to Mr. McLellan is a very fine idea indeed. The problem that he had taken is so large and philosophic a problem that I could not conceive him utterly shirking it for cheap and irrelevant issues. Such daring, I thought, must postulate some power. No previous dramatist had dared so greatly. The theme of "Faust" was trivial in comparison with this theme. That an old man should sell his soul to the devil in return for renewed youth, for the simple purpose of having that "good time" which he deemed more delightful than eternal salvation, may be a great and profound scheme in itself; but it is assuredly small, shallow, and easy to handle, as compared with Mr. McLellan's. There is no larger, more philosophic problem than this: how should we acquit ourselves if we were born again, just as we were, but with all the experience that we have gathered in our waywardness? Though no dramatist (so far as I know) has ventured to tackle this problem, it is one which has often occurred to every one of us. It is, in fact, an universal problem. Are we utterly the slaves of our inclinations? Do we merely drift? Old people, looking back on the failure of their lives—and every life

seems more or less a failure to the man who has lived it, however satisfactory it may seem to outsiders—will tell you that with a new lease of life, and with the experience that has come to them, they could order themselves with perfect wisdom, achieving all that was in them to achieve. But in these old people the instincts that blinded them and made them stray have lost all strength. Experience reigns in their stead. If all those instincts were renewed in all their vigour, would they always—would they often—would they ever—knuckle under to experience? One thing is certain: there would be between them and experience a constant warfare—a highly exciting warfare. Here, for a dramatist with keen intellectual insight into human nature, is a grand chance indeed. If René Delorme were vividly and intimately shown to us struggling, in his second incarnation, between that which he wishes for morally and intellectually and that to which the impulse of his unconscious nature is driving him, then Mr. McLellan would have written a great drama—a drama for all time. But René Delorme, ushered in with a fanfaronnade that prepares us for an imaginatively created world-type, is but a little wooden puppet, having no pretension to be more than a little wooden puppet, and being utterly irresponsible to the brain-power expended by Mr. H. B. Irving. You see, Mr. C. M. S. McLellan has been only pretending to be pretentious. He never meant to essay the high task he had set himself. Re-incarnate René, with perfect insouciance, repeats his previous existence. There is never a sign of a struggle in him. He just goes through his hoops, with monotonous agility. At one point in his performance, I had a false hope that Mr. McLellan had at any rate remembered his theme so far as to get some fun out of it. This was when René, two years after the failure of his play, was shown to us spouting incendiary politics in a cabaret. I thought of the hectic ne'er-do-well Gambetta—Gambetta as he was before eighteen-seventy. And I foresaw Death coming in due course to claim René, a few years later, and finding a prosperous gentleman with a tricolour across his paunch, and with an unceasing flow of stentorian rhetoric—a national idol, potent in the councils of Europe, and enjoying excellent health. This would have been an amusing conclusion to the play. But I over-rated McLellan's sense of fun. He sent his puppet rolling down the hill of ordinary melodrama, with pink-lit back-cloths to represent burning factories, and with battering-rams and pistol-shots and thunderstorms, and heaven knows what else of extraneous tomfoolery. "The Belle of New York" was a cheerier entertainment than "The Jury of Fate"; but it was not one whit less silly; and I see no reason to suppose that, if the theme of re-incarnation had occurred to Mr. McLellan ten years ago, he would not have tacked it on to Harry Branson as readily as he has now tacked it on to René Delorme.

I deem it a pity that there is no means of saving a fine theme from the claws of such dramatists as can but mutilate it and deter from it their betters. I wish there were some sort of Academy, to which every dramatist would have to submit his every scenario, and without whose permission no dramatist would be allowed to develop a scenario. I do not approve of Academies in general. They tend to become corrupt, as well as stupid. But however stupid and corrupt might become the Academy that I have adumbrated, it would, at least, nip in the bud such blossoms as "The Jury of Fate".

MAX BEERBOHM.

THE IMMORTAL MONEY.

I HAVE just been reading yet another book upon India.* It opened at a picture of the mosque and gate of victory at Fatehpur Sikri, that rose-red embodiment of a man's dream of empire. It gave me a thrill. With the level brows of the closing eye of day behind it, with a hint, at least, of the marvellous sky spring of the wide archway which—when the laborious steps climbing up and up the spiny Fatehpur ridge

pause for breath on a square platform—seems, with a laugh, to mock at fatigue and leap higher and higher still, with all this promise of comprehension before mine eyes, I turned to the text joyfully, hopefully. "At last!" I cried "At last!" Well. It is a most excellent book. Truly, a most excellent, accurate, praiseworthy, intelligent book, written by one who invariably goes to mattins when he can, and whose heart is full of sympathy for India. But he does not see India; that is the pity of it! I will prove my point to the hilt by the excerpt from the text which accompanies this beautiful picture. "At the entrance is the following inscription in Arabic: 'Said Jesus, on whom be peace; the world is a bridge, pass over it, but build no house there.'" True, absolutely true; but why leave out the context "Who hopes for an hour, hopes for eternity"? For in those few words we find the key to that strange master-mind, which spent its life in fumbling at the locked door of the unknown. Akbar, this master-mind, is mentioned frequently in the book. We are told that he was "perhaps one of the greatest and most liberal-minded rulers commemorated by history" (a phrase, by the way, which has lately done the round of the penny papers): we are even told that his tomb—that tomb of which Bishop Heber writes that it was "designed by Titans and finished by jewellers"—is original; it is even damned by the faint praise that "it is not like any other tomb in India". Nay more! A suspicion of imagination lies in these words: "In the centre floating as it were between earth and sky is the cenotaph"; I confess that the addition (with but the association of a comma)—of the valuable information that "close beside it is a pedestal which once held the Koh-i-noor" tends to depreciate the value of the remark as evidence of comprehension. But of the man Akbar—that striving, soaring, stumbling, hopeful, despairing seeker after God—we hear nothing. Why? Because the Leit-motif of the book is the Leit-motif of the white man's *Kriegslied*. A motif set forth excellently well on the hundred and fifty-fifth page of this charming book. "The Hindu must have brought home to him the supreme excellence of the fundamental idea concerning God, man, life, which Christianity embodies." The sentence left me gasping; wondering what would happen, here in our civilised England of to-day, could the Emperor Jalaluddin Mahommed Akbar—to use the Tariff Reformers' word—be "dumped" down in our midst, panoplied in power, armed with supreme authority as he was when he died exactly four centuries ago. There would be some wigs upon the green.

How many freeborn British women would incontinently be packed off to dwell in Satanstown, at their ease it is true, but beyond the possibility of doubt as to their profession? How the Education Department would tremble under the scathing comment that "far too long a time is spent over teaching the mere elements of learning" and that in future "half the time will be allowed". What would the City say to the law which "while allowing to the dealer fair profit" denied to him the right "of excessive gain"; which by a stroke of the pen enacted that all contracts must be founded on mutual fair dealing, and swept that beloved maxim of so-called Christian civilisation, "caveat emptor", into the dust-heap? And we—each one of us—to whom the cult of the ultimate sixpence is practically the great final cause of everything—of all the marvellous manifestations of earth and sea and sky. What would we say to Akbar's immortal money? A hush comes even to our blind scramble in the dust for a farthing—a scramble at this Christmastide only too palpably evident in the tickets of the shop windows—as we think of the legends upon those wonderful coins of a great dreamer. First the s'heuser, a huge disc of gold worth a hundred pounds on which showed a lily, a rose with the simple words

"I am a golden coin
May golden be my use".

Next the explanation from the obverse

"Golden it is to help
The seeker after Truth".

* "The High Road of Empire." By A. H. Hallam Murray. London: Murray. 1905. 21s. net.

So with the rahas worth fifty pounds with its varied mottoes "I am the Garment of Hope to many"; "God in His pleasure gives without measure", and so on, and so on, in remarks about justice and eternity and generosity and bounty. At this present we content ourselves with putting Defender of the Faith on our coins and leaving copybook maxims concerning commercial conduct to the pulpit, where, in truth, they are most woefully neglected; since what preacher nowadays tells us that the only proper use of money is to help a seeker after truth. No! If Akbar was put up as a candidate in any one of the constituencies at the coming General Election, he would not poll one vote! Free fooders and tariff reformers would heckle him with one voice. What a subject, also, would not the Great Moghul be for electioneering caricature, drawn, of course, from life in the tobacconist's shop!

But in truth most of the ordinary English voters' ideas of India find form in some such dummy; that is in some idolon set up to suit the taste of the Western carver and gilder. It may be idle to hope for clearer comprehension; still to some of us the thought of the great Dreamer-King seated, as the historian puts it, "alone and melancholy on a lonely stone, his head bent on his breast, when Dawn spreads her azure silk, and Morn sheds her golden beams over the wide plains" (plains that are almost curved in their very wideness) brings to us a sense of peace that may be wanting during the next few weeks of law-maker-electing. The very lesson of the East contained in those omitted words, "Who hopes for an hour, hopes for eternity", with their stern assertion that all things done or thought are for all time, and not for this little day, might be of use in helping some of us to decide which has the larger interest, to-day or to-morrow. So let us transport our voters, not to the polling booths in motor-cars, but on Prince Hassan's carpet to that same Archway of Victory which faces its world so proudly. They are but thatched patched houses which strive to touch its base now-a-day. The rose-red palaces are empty, the green gardens are gone, but in the cold evenings of autumn the blue smoke wreaths from the few miserable hovels left there to obscure all things save the rising steps, the mighty spring upwards into the blue unclouded sky from the blue clouds beneath.

"It is a gateway of dreams and on it is written
Who hopes for an hour, hopes for eternity."

F. A. STEEL.

LORD RANDOLPH'S CHESS.

THOUGH we have often pointed out that a game of chess offers peculiar opportunities for reading the characters of those engaged in it, it has never been convenient to give an example for the obvious reason that the personality of the players was of no general concern. In the following game a fair opportunity presents itself. Mr. Winston Churchill in the life of his father, after stating that he helped to found the University Chess Club, says "although his play necessarily lacked the strength derivable from book knowledge and experience it is described . . . as being original, daring and sometimes brilliant. His game with Mr. Steinitz has been recorded, so that competent persons may judge of his quality for themselves".

ALLGAIER GAMBIT.

White	Black	White	Black
Steinitz	Randolph Churchill	Steinitz	Randolph Churchill
1. P-K4	P-K4	4. P-KR4	P-KKt5
2. P-KB4	P×P	5. Kt-K5	Q-K2
3. Kt-KB3	P-KKt4		

So far as the opening goes there can be no questioning the "daring" of black in accepting this gambit with the knowledge of all the difficulties that it portends. Book players know other variations, but the only feasible way to defend the knight's pawn appears to be by P-KR4. Black however chooses an attacking defence.

6. P-Q4	P-Q3	8. Q-K2	P-Q4
7. Kt×KtP	Q×Pch		

A timid player would have exchanged queens here. Black's idea is to compel his opponent to exchange queens and gain time while white has to defend the knight.

9. Kt-K5 Kt-KR3

Black did not make the obvious move of B-R3 which would have been bad on account of 10. Q×Q, P×Q; 11. B-QB4. This shows that he was capable either of analysing a difficult position or possessing sound judgment.

10. Kt-QB3	B-QKt5	13. Castles	B×Kt
11. Q×Q	P×Q	14. P×B	Kt-Q3
12. B×P	Kt-KB4	15. P-QB4	P-KB3

Winning two pieces for the exchange. So far black's play has been logical and indicative of many hundreds of hours of previous practice. Though his opponent was champion of the world, black certainly shows no temerity.

16. P-QB5	P×Kt	18. B×R	Kt×B
17. B×P	Kt-B2	19. R-K1	P-Kt3

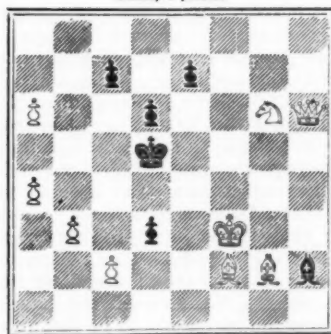
This move loses the game. B-K3 followed by K-Q2 would have given evidence of doggedness and tenacity and offered many winning chances. Anyhow he played a chessy move, trusting confidently to the future.

20. R×Pch	K-Q1	27. R-Kt7	QKt×P(B6)
21. B-QB4	B-Kt2	28. P×Kt	Kt×P
22. R-Kt4	Kt-Kt3	29. B-Kt5	B-Kt2
23. P-R5	Kt-K2	30. R-Q1ch	K-K1
24. R-K1	QKt-QB3	31. R×QBP and mates in a few moves.	
25. P-Q5	Kt-Kt5		
26. P-B6	B-B1		

Steinitz was playing blindfold against a number of players, yet his play was as perfect as usual. We would much have preferred some game to be recorded in which Lord Randolph was the winner. Whatever his style was, he had not much chance of showing it against the greatest player of the day.

PROBLEM 65. By E. PRADIGNAT.

Black, 6 pieces.



White, 9 pieces.

White to mate in two moves.

Solutions to above will be duly acknowledged.

KEY TO PROBLEM 63: 1. R-Q4.

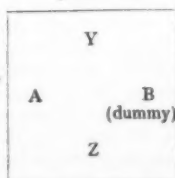
KEY TO PROBLEM 64: 1. K-B2.

BRIDGE.

FOR the benefit of those of our readers who may not have last week's issue by them, we repeat the hand given in our last number.

Spades—10.

Hearts—Ace, 10, 4.
Diamonds—Ace, king,
queen, knave, 3, 2.
Clubs—9, 8, 3.
Spades—Queen.



Hearts—6.
Diamonds—Nil.
Clubs—Ace, 5, 3.
Spades—Ace, knave,
9, 8, 7, 6, 4, 3, 2.

Score love-all. A dealt and declared diamonds. Y led the 10 of spades. The question is how should the

dealer play the two hands so as to take the best chance of winning the game.

Directly the dummy hand is exposed, the king of spades is absolutely marked in Z's hand, and there is only one other spade, the 5, not accounted for. The ace of spades must be put on at once, and if Y's lead of the 10 was the higher of two spades, the king will fall, and the remainder is easy. A puts himself in with the ace of hearts, draws all the trumps, and puts his dummy in again with the ace of clubs to make the remaining spades.

If, however, as is probable, Y's 10 of spades was a singleton, the position is not so easy. It is imperative, in order to win the game, that B's spades should be cleared before his only card of re-entry, the ace of clubs, is taken out of his hand, and therefore the lead must on no account be parted with. A must lead another spade from B's hand, and trump it with his knave, so that he cannot be over-trumped. He is then left with five trumps, and there are seven against him, so that it is a certainty that there must be four at least in one hand. If there are five in one hand the game cannot be won, but if the trumps are evenly divided, four and three, he can make sure of winning the small Slam. He leads his three winning trumps, and if he finds them evenly divided, he then leads a losing trump, to take out the last one, and whatever is led, he wins all the remaining tricks, having the ace of clubs in B's hand to bring in the long spade suit. This is quite an instructive hand, and one which illustrates the advantage of reviewing the situation and forming a definite plan of campaign before commencing to play the hand.

The question of pre-arranged signals or codes of play between partners is rather a delicate one, but one which is well worthy of discussion. The first thing of the kind which was ever introduced was the call for trumps in the old whist days, and there must be many whist players still alive who can remember the very heated arguments which this innovation gave rise to. A considerable section of whist players went so far as to say that it was cheating, and, for a time, they refused to play with men who used the call, but it had come to stay, and after a while they gave in, and tolerated the signal even if they did not condescend to use it. A sort of tacit understanding was then arrived at, that a player was perfectly entitled to make use of any information which he could derive from the way in which his partner played his cards, but that it was not allowable to pre-arrange any signal or code beforehand. This arrangement was strictly adhered to at whist, and the practice of asking a partner whether he adopted the call for trumps was strongly discountenanced at the best clubs.

Bridge commenced life on the same lines, but there came a time when the parting of the ways between the heart convention and the short-suit convention, in answer to a double of No Trumps, was so strongly marked, and the consequences of not knowing to which school a partner belonged were sometimes so disastrous, that it came to be understood that a player was entitled to ascertain his partner's views on this one point before commencing a rubber. If the matter had ended there, no great harm would have been done, but it has not ended there. There has lately been a growing tendency among certain bridge players, chiefly indifferent ones, to put their partners through a sort of catechism before commencing to play. Not only do they inquire whether their partner wishes a heart or the short suit led to him when he doubles No-Trump call, but also whether he discards from strength or weakness, and even, in some cases, whether he leads from his longest suit or from a weak one against a suit declaration.

The principle is entirely wrong. When a player sits down to play with a strange partner, it should be his business to ascertain for himself, from his partner's play of the cards, that partner's strength or weakness, and what methods he elects to employ for giving information as to his hand. It is entirely opposed to the spirit of the game to pre-arrange an understanding on debatable points of play before starting. The principle could be so very easily extended. If it is allowable to say to one's partner, "If I double No Trumps I want a heart

led", why should it not be allowable to say "If I say 'I double that' I want a heart". "If I say 'I double No Trumps' I want a diamond". "If I say 'I double' I want a club led", and so on? The principle is just the same, only that the one method is recognised and countenanced and the other is not.

It is laid down by every one of the accepted authorities on bridge, that a player is entitled and ought to ascertain his partner's views as to the lead in answer to a double of No Trumps, therefore let us accept that as a bridge postulate, but we are strongly opposed to carrying the principle any further. Every lover of bridge, who wishes to maintain the game, as it is at present, the prince of all card games, ought resolutely to set his face against this modern bridge catechism, and to refuse to answer any questions above and beyond the one accepted point of the lead to a double of No Trumps.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE EXTINCTION OF THE TRAMP.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

16 Cheriton Gardens, Folkestone.

2 January, 1906.

SIR,—When any question of internal policy becomes pressing and troublesome, the most natural thing in the world is the appointment, usually by the Government of the day (but, at times, by Chamberlain or the "Daily Mail") of a Commission to inquire into the matter, previous to legislation, or some attempt thereof by Parliament.

Such Commissions fulfil a twofold purpose; they provide employment for that peculiar product of modern times—the expert; and they delude the public conscience into believing that something is being done. Too often, however, nothing tangible is accomplished, except the expenditure of time and money, as the reports of such Commissions are relegated to that limbo of obscurity whence no traveller is likely to return. Indeed, this is a necessary fate of many such deliberations; for their final reports often prove of a contradictory character, and embody individual rather than general ideas; and not only so, but they do not even hint at any practical and feasible solution of the question under consideration.

It is to be hoped, however, that the recently appointed Commission to consider the Poor-law and its administration, and incidentally that pressing and ever-recurring problem of the unemployed—will both determine the root of many existing evils, and also evolve a practical remedy for them. In fact the catholicity of, and the evident care with which, the choice of the commissioners has been made, give grounds for belief that the Government that just "was", was really earnest in its attempt to solve certain vexed questions.

But it is devoutly to be hoped that the outcome of these deliberations will not be mere public doles, or needless public works done at the expense of the thrifty; no, nor yet a mere temporising with these serious questions that affect the nation's welfare to its inmost core—but, if possible a radical (without any political significance) solution to prevent any recurrence on a large scale, and for many years to come, of these social evils. Is this too utopian or too Roseberian? Surely not! provided, of course, the primary causes are determinable and remedial by human agency.

Towards the attainment of this desired end, there may be pointed out two or three glaring defects of the present Poor-law system, and, what is still more important, corresponding reforms may be suggested.

The "submerged" comprise mainly two or three classes; those bred and born in the mire, and those who have contrived to get there, through misfortune or their own fault and folly. To deal with the latter class first, as with those who having had a taste for better things are perhaps the easier to raise from the depths: from their antecedent circumstances, it is probably right to assume that their reformation and restoration must lie along different lines to those to be employed in dealing with persons whom it is desired to place on a

level previously totally unknown to them. But as a matter of fact, the professional man, the middle-class trader, the incapable aristocrat, and the many, who, too often, from avoidable causes sink below their original status—as they cannot yet have their individual liberty to ruin themselves forcibly curtailed in this process of self-abasement—when down, have no differential and differentiating treatment meted out to them by the Poor-law; but are still further degraded by having to herd with those, to whom such social level, or the want of it, is both familiar and natural.

This, then, is one of the first changes that it seems desirable to introduce tentatively, but at once—viz. a differentiation between the purely unfortunate and the clearly undeserving. And though it may be urged that such differentiation of the good, bad, and indifferent would be costly and difficult; yet such is the ease with which communication can be established even with distant parts of the Empire, that statements as to former employers &c., could with the help of the police and of various social organisations, be verified, and evidence of character sufficient for the purpose easily obtained. Then again, all able-bodied men should be put to intelligent and if not directly remunerative, yet at all events to some employment that might ultimately benefit themselves and the country at large. Thus instead of breaking the hardest rock obtainable, and hardening their whole nature still further—they might be embodied as a sort of militia, serving in it at least three consecutive months. For this purpose, each county would build large winter barracks, in which, of course, the differentiation mentioned above could still obtain, by giving the better type of man petty appointments of responsibility.

Not only could all the able-bodied men in what are facetiously called "work", instead of "out-of-work" houses be drafted into this militia, but all vagrants should willy-nilly be detained and eventually drafted into it too. As this would create some differences financially between the various counties, the "vagrant"-militiaman's expenses could be met directly by the Government. The scheme, thus briefly shadowed, coupled with the absolute suspension of indiscriminate relief given by worthy but mistaken persons, should prove the ultimate extinction of that wastrel class known as tramps.

The money required for carrying out this idea would be usefully expended, as it would tend to improve the physique of the people and also add to the forces of Home defence.

One other point may well be considered here, and that is the number of ex-soldiers who find themselves on the streets in contrast to the very small number of naval and mercantile seamen who find themselves in a similar plight. The explanation of this seems to be that the handyman can more readily adapt himself to the requirements of civilian life than can his brother from the other service: and the obvious remedy is to make the soldier more efficient as a man and not merely as a military automaton. To this end each man in the service should be taught a trade, so that when his time expires he could turn his hands, at all events, to one craft; and not only so, but by that time he would probably have acquired a little of that adaptability which Englishmen seem to lack so generally.

To sum up then—the differentiation of the workhouse inmate—a more or less compulsory militia service for the out-of-work and particularly for the don't-want-to-work—the teaching of a trade to each soldier of the regular army—all these are points which are well worth consideration in reference to the amelioration or removal of certain cancerous features of our social life.

W. DRAYTON ROBERTS.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Broadfield, Boston (Lincs.), 1 January, 1906.

SIR,—The wonderful richness and fertility of the soil of South-East Lincolnshire do not seem to be properly appreciated in Southampton Street, or you would not express such surprise at Lord Carrington's tenants paying 40s. per acre for their small holdings. I write

from intimate knowledge when I tell you that there are plenty of fifty-acre and one-hundred acre farms in this thriving district let at that rent, and to men who are making a good living from them.

Taking a radius of say fifteen miles from Boston church the average rent of agricultural land will not be less than from 30s. to 35s. per acre, and it is far cheaper and more profitable to the holder at that price than many of your 10s. an acre farms in less favoured counties. It is a veritable land of Goshen—one might almost say Garden of Eden, and has felt the wave of agricultural depression less, probably, than any district.

Experts like Rider Haggard have scarcely deigned to glance at it, except out of the tail of their eye, but here it lies, rich and productive, well farmed, excellently drained by the rivers flowing into the Wash, scarcely ever rising twenty feet above the level of the sea, not much visited by able editors, or by tourists in search of the picturesque, but probably producing more food than any block of territory of similar extent in these islands, let Kent and Gloucester and the Lothians plume themselves as they may.

Labourers may account themselves lucky to get land of this quality at 40s. per acre.

Yours truly,
W. M. COOPER.

FREE TRADE AND EMPLOYMENT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bristol, 3 January, 1906.

SIR,—Though I have no record, I believe that some time ago I wrote you a letter which was published, in which I attempted to prove that where one country admits imports free and the other countries with which it trades do not admit imports free, the result must be that the people of the (so-called) free-trade country must suffer from exaggerated oscillations in employment.

At a meeting on Tuesday, 19 December, of the Royal Statistical Society, Mr. G. U. Yule in the course of a paper read by him, said:—"It was pointed out that the oscillations in the British marriage rate, which are closely related to the oscillations in trade and employment, are of much greater amplitude and more clearly marked in Great Britain than in other countries of Europe, and a query is raised as to the significance of this fact."

I believe the curve for British marriages is closely the same as that for trade and employment. Is it possible that "the significance of the fact" of this unpleasant, even dangerous, high and low see-saw of our foreign trade is to be found from the "plank" of trade being free on our side and heavily weighted on the other?

Your obedient servant,
F. C. CONSTABLE.

NEGLECTED FISHERIES AND OUR UNEMPLOYED.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

30 Sussex Square, Brighton.

SIR,—Japan with a population of about 47,000,000, employs upwards of 3,600,000 persons in her fishery, fish-curing and aquatic industries, including profitable sea-weed and sea-salt farms. Great Britain and Ireland with a population already exceeding 45,000,000 probably do not even employ 200,000 persons in these trades, which ought to find work for upwards of 3,000,000 men, women, and minors. This would supply profitable occupation to an immense number of our unemployed, and thus diminish the increasing burdens of British taxpayers. Great Britain and Ireland with their adjacent islands (including the Isle of Wight, Isle of Man, the Channel Islands, &c.) have an indented sea-coast exceeding 15,000 miles, whilst their neglected inland waters covering upwards of 1,100,000 acres capable of rearing various kinds of excellent eating fish, now only yield salmon, trout, eels, and sport for anglers. Half of the fresh fish sold in Germany are fresh-water fish artificially reared in lucrative German inland fish farms, whose introduction into the United Kingdom

and Ireland would augment the wealth and prosperity of their agriculturists and farm labourers.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

J. LAWRENCE HAMILTON, M.R.C.S.

"RETALIATION."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Gomshall, 2 December, 1906.

SIR,—Mr. Balfour began his campaign with Retaliation as his watchword. But he did not quite like it, and you, Sir, in your Notes of 23 December suggest "Negotiation". I venture to suggest that neither quite hits off the situation.

What Mr. Balfour desires to remedy is the invasion of our (home and colonial) markets by foreign producers who possess an artificial advantage over their British competitors. The foreigner, by means of a heavy protective import duty, gets an artificially high price for his commodities in his own market. This is bound to stimulate over-production. The surplus has to find markets outside, and the producer, having made excessive profits at home, can undersell his competitors abroad and yet make an abnormal profit on his total production.

This is really the root of the whole matter. The only remedy is to compel such a reduction of the excessively protective duty as will remove this artificial advantage to foreign producers in British markets. Our industries are attacked on their own ground and must be defended. Defence is not retaliation.

The marvel—and the pity of it—is that intelligent men calling themselves free traders should oppose this policy of defence as being contrary to the principles of free trade. They suffer partly from a confusion of ideas and partly from adherence to an erroneous and fatal dogma. The foreign producer is protected in our markets by his artificial advantage, and yet the so-called free trader refuses to remove that protection and restore in our own country equality of competition—the only real free trade. His cry is always the same old formula, as stated by the Duke of Devonshire again this week, that the words free trade mean "that duties should only be levied on foreign imports for purposes of revenue". This is a delusion and a snare, and the cause of all the present misunderstanding among the Unionist party, who ought now to be pulling together not only in the same boat but also, as Douglas Jerrold said, "with the same skulls". I have tried for thirty years to reach the brain of the so-called free trader, but alas, dogma has prevailed over reason, common sense and practical experience.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully, GEORGE MARTINEAU.

THE JEW IN RUSSIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hastings, 1 January, 1906.

SIR,—My first resolution on reading Mr. Weiner's letter in your last issue was not to answer it. The tone of the letter is distinctly rude, with unmistakable evidence of loss of temper. A controversialist who feels himself in the right does not usually lose his temper. But on reflection I felt I owed you, Sir, a debt of courtesy for your patience and forbearance in granting so much space for my article and its controversial sequence.

I hold no brief from the Russian Government, nor am I counsel for the convicted bureaucracy, whom Mr. Weiner has taken for my clients. My chief aim and object in writing the above-named article was to exonerate the Russian army from the heinous accusations of having fermented the Odessa and Kisheneff atrocities. Also to plead extenuating circumstances for that smaller portion of the rioters, the genuine workmen and peasants. I exclude, of course, the main portion composed of hooligans and bossiaks (Gorky's tramps). My indictment against the Jew exploiter and the Jew revolutionist is framed chiefly on information supplied through the press by the very witnesses Mr. Weiner names on his own side as well as of the correspondents of the leading London dailies.

Yours faithfully, ALEXANDER KINLOCH.

THE ADULTERATION OF THE PEERAGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Your admirable article under this heading on 16 December has not only called forth much applause but has echoed almost to a word what has been a recurring topic in the best clubs and similar centres since the Resignation Honours List. As you so correctly put it, "the constant and indispensable qualification for a peerage has hitherto been continuous and meritorious performance of some public and national service". That is exactly what one is brought up to regard as the "sine qua non" for admission into the Upper House.

Your protest against the recent principle of such honour being conferred on men whose claim is obviously wealth and without such would be insignificant is worthy of earnest support. Honours such as these are simply laughed at, their origin is transparent, and they cause nothing but ridicule and contempt from all who have any knowledge of the world.

Needless to say peerages conferred where means are scanty are somewhat onerous compliments, creating additional expense in living amongst one's fellows, and thought has been given to this by Parliament voting sums to certain worthy recipients. On the other hand wealth by itself as a passport to the peerage is humiliating and even disgusting is not too strong a word to employ.

As you so pointedly ask, what possible claim on the nation's gratitude, for that is what it amounts to, can Sir A. Stern or Sir A. Harmsworth have to such honour? They were both among the 1905 new baronetage—more than sufficient one would have thought for what their national record shows. The former has apparently no claim at all, the latter that of having successfully pioneered a series of cheap and mostly sensational literature. To quote your own opinion, very generally endorsed by thinking people, he has encouraged the morbid love for sensational reading and the vulgar taste for personal gossip. A sorry record for such recognition as a baronetage and peerage in twelve months! Surely, Sir, Mr. Balfour is not responsible for this; and yet if not he, who else? The average Englishman, of whatever grade or class, still respects the House of Lords, and reverences what is best in our Peerage. He welcomes without demur additions such as Lords Roberts, Lister, Kelvin, Kitchener and similar recent names, and also appreciates such as Sir M. Hicks-Beach, Mr. Graham-Murray, Mr. Ritchie, &c.; but cases of the type you name simply tend to lower everyone's respect for the seats intended to be sacred for the "best, noblest and bravest".

While enclosing my card I may add that this letter is submitted at the suggestion of several members of one of the leading and oldest non-political clubs.

I remain, Sir, Your obedient servant,

A COMMONER.

THE WORD "TELEGRAPH".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

32 Addison Mansions, Kensington, W.
3 January, 1906.

DEAR SIR,—You wrote a nice little notice of my introduction to some Nelson Letters, not edited by myself, in your issue of 23 December, in which you recommended Dr. Murray to notice for his dictionary my comment on Nelson's early use of the word "telegraph". Miss or Mrs. Jennett Humphreys wrote a letter in your issue of 30 December, explaining that the "telegraph" was not electric, but what we should call a semaphore. This was hardly necessary, as every board-school child is taught that the introduction of the electric telegraph was one of the blessings of the reign of Queen Victoria. It only missed by a few months being one of the blessings of free trade.

What you were referring to, and what I was referring to, was the early use of the word "telegraph", the ancestor of so many bastard words. I was not claiming an antedate in electricity for Nelson. That is generally claimed for Galileo in the first half of the seventeenth century. With compliments, I am

Yours faithfully, DOUGLAS SLADEN.

REVIEWS.

A LOST LEADER.

"Lord Randolph Churchill." By Winston Spencer Churchill M.P. 2 vols. London: Macmillan. 1906. 36s. net.

A PART from its intrinsic merits, which are great, this biography is invested with an adventitious interest by the fact that Mr. Winston Churchill is now a member of the Radical Government. But lest any of our readers should amuse themselves by a picture of the author's struggle between filial piety and public principle, we can assure them, from first-hand knowledge, that the two volumes, with the possible exception of the last chapter, were written while Mr. Churchill was still a member of the Conservative party. It is not improbable—though here we are in the region of conjecture—that the lesson of his father's life sank deep into the son's mind, and that the tragedy and failure of it were the causes which impelled him to change his party. We hazard this remark because Mr. Churchill writes on p. 448 (the chapter on the Parnell Commission): "But let it be observed that Lord Randolph Churchill was beaten, whatever he did, when he played the national game; and was victorious, whatever he did, while he played the party game. No question of 'taste' or 'patriotism' was raised when what he said, however outrageous, suited his party. No claim of truth counted when what he said, however incontrovertible, was awkward for his party." This is but too true. In English politics no man can do any good for his country or for himself unless he works with a party; and he can only do that, if he is in hearty sympathy with his colleagues, on all issues, or at least on nearly all. Lord Randolph Churchill never was a Conservative. He was that familiar figure in history since the days of Alcibiades, an aristocrat with strong democratic sympathies. He was vehemently anti-Jingo in foreign politics, and as early as 1877 tried to get up an intrigue with Sir Charles Dilke against Lord Beaconsfield's Turkish policy, actually offering to propose in the House of Commons the establishment of republics in Bulgaria and Herzegovina! In Egyptian politics he supported Wilfrid Blunt and Arabi Pacha, and in short was the champion of "oppressed nationalities". In home politics Lord Randolph Churchill was frankly Radical, favouring graduated taxation and enfranchisement of leaseholds. All this he called Tory Democracy: the democracy was plain enough; but where was the Toryism? Lord Randolph would have been happier and more successful if he had joined the Radical party before 1880. Had he adhered to Mr. Gladstone in 1886 he would certainly have been his successor. If he had gone with Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Hartington his position as a Radical Unionist would have been unassailable. But Lord Randolph Churchill's environment was too much for him. His devotion to his family runs like a golden thread through the web of his career, and his defection to the Radicals would have been a grievous blow to those whom he loved and wished to please. Once he broke out when his father was Viceroy of Ireland in an anti-coercionist speech (1877), and the Duke of Marlborough wrote to the Chief Secretary, "My dear Beach: The only excuse I can find for Randolph is that he must either be mad or have been singularly affected with local champagne or claret". Towards the end of his life Lord Randolph was fond of saying "I don't believe in dooks: I've seen too much of 'em". We remember that on one occasion somebody asked him in the Lobby of the House of Commons what he thought of the Duke of Westminster's complaint that his great horse had been got at. Lord Randolph shrugged his shoulders and replied, "O, these dooks think they ought to win everything". But at the beginning of his life the ducal influence was strong. When the Duke of Marlborough died in 1883 Lord Randolph was in the full swing of his opposition to the Gladstonian Government, and three years later came the Home Rule Bill. It is the old story of the missed opportunity. If we are right in supposing that Mr.

Winston Churchill, meditating deeply on all these things, as the drama of his father's life unfolded itself beneath his eyes, determined not to miss his opportunity, we cannot blame him. Indeed we congratulate him on his decision to leave, before it was too late, a party with which he was in imperfect sympathy. He is the only instance we know, in life or literature, of a son who has profited by the mistakes of his father.

Mr. Churchill has executed the work entrusted to him by his father's literary trustees, Lord Grimthorpe and Lord Howe, with much tact and literary skill. The style of the narrative is easy and clear, occasionally graceful and pathetic. There is a due sense of perspective, as in the rapid gliding over of the years before 1880. The reader is not teased with footnotes; or offended by partiality. The son notes his father's errors of taste or tactics with judicial regret. In commenting upon the men and events of the generation before his own Mr. Churchill discovers a shrewdness that is beyond his years, and almost uncanny. The one criticism which we feel bound to make is that we have not got enough of Lord Randolph's correspondence. We would give much to read the intimate correspondence between Lord Salisbury and his lieutenant in the latter months of 1886. Mr. Churchill excuses himself by saying that his father's letters were generally scrappy, and sometimes too pointed for publication. But a man's letters are himself more than his speeches. We would also exchange some of the narrative for some of the letters which Mr. Jennings used to write daily to Lord Randolph. Jennings was an able man, whose experience had been gathered in New York, and whose outlook on English politics was original and detached. His criticisms and advice would have been good reading. We do not agree with Mr. Churchill that Lord Randolph reached the meridian of his intellectual power after he left the Government in December 1886. The highest point in his political life was touched, in our opinion, between 1880 and 1885, when Lord Randolph was beating down Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons and building up the Tory party in the big towns. Mr. Gladstone had emerged from the Midlothian campaign with a halo of glory such as never before or since surrounded the head of statesman. Gladstone-worship was rampant, and Lord Randolph Churchill was determined to break it down. Events favoured his enterprise, for never was Prime Minister so unlucky as Mr. Gladstone. It was a strange trick of fortune that a man of Mr. Gladstone's intense piety and scholarly refinement should have been compelled to throw the ægis of his eloquence over a blatant atheist like Bradlaugh. Bradlaugh was the foundation-stone of the Fourth Party, which found plenty of work for its hands in South Africa, in Egypt, and in Ireland. A peace-loving Minister, who detested foreign and Colonial politics of every description, found himself dragged into a South African war ending in Majuba Hill; into Egyptian complications involving the suppression of Arabi, the bombardment of Alexandria, the abortive Soudan disaster, the mission and murder of Gordon; and into a species of civil war with Parnell and the Land League in Ireland. Not a single point escaped Lord Randolph Churchill, and with the eye of a born tactician, he so selected his topics of attack that he managed to enlist a certain amount of Radical support for his most furious onslaughts on the Government. At the same time he waged a kind of left-handed war against his own leader in the House of Commons, Sir Stafford Northcote. It is a most interesting historical fact that Lord Beaconsfield confided to Sir John Gorst that he would never have taken a peerage and left Sir Stafford Northcote to lead the House of Commons, if he had not believed that Mr. Gladstone meant what he said when he announced his retirement in 1874. That Lord Randolph's treatment of Sir Stafford Northcote was marked by brutality cannot be gainsaid. Disraeli's attacks on Sir Robert Peel were also brutal. Men climb to the topmost place in politics on the bodies of their comrades. As the first Lord Halifax observed, "State business is a cruel trade: good nature is a bungler in it". The capture of "the machine", the National Union of Conservative Associations, completed Lord Randolph's triumph over the "old

gang", or "the goats" as the Fourth Party nicknamed that trio of worthies, Sir Stafford Northcote, Sir Richard Cross, and Mr. W. H. Smith. At the same time the brilliant guerilla chief became the idol of provincial platforms. Lord Randolph's speech at Blackburn in 1884 (the "chips" speech) will bear comparison with some of Disraeli's happiest exhibitions of satire and invective. This was, we repeat, the greatest period of Lord Randolph Churchill's career. He was the Conservative party at that hour. When Conservatism was fast degenerating into old fogeyism and fat obstruction, Lord Randolph rehabilitated it by his own genius, breathed into its nostrils the breath of a popular movement, and made it a victorious force in the workshops of the artisans. If the borough franchise had not been extended to the agricultural labourers there can be no doubt that the Conservatives would have swept the board in 1885, and as it was they captured the big towns, driving the Radicals into Bœotia. Strong as was the national feeling against Home Rule, we do not believe that the Unionist majority in 1886 would have been anything like so large had it not been for Lord Randolph Churchill's conquest of the centres of industry between 1880 and 1885.

This, then, is his abiding title to a place amongst statesmen, that he made Conservatism popular with the working classes, as only Disraeli had done before, and as possibly no one will ever do again. Suddenly in 1885 the successful rebel was converted into the suave and dignified Secretary of State for India, a post which he held for six months. We have Sir Arthur Godley's testimony that Lord Randolph was one of the best Secretaries of State who ever ruled the India Office. And we can easily believe it, for he was industrious and far too clever not to know what he did not know. Nothing distinguishes a first-rate from a second-rate man more sharply than the former's trust in skilled subordinates as contrasted with the latter's fussy suspicions. After the election of 1886 Lord Randolph Churchill became Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons. Although the autumn session of that year was too short a time to test his real quality, Lord Randolph led with dignity, firmness, and courtesy. His knowledge of the world enabled him to manage a mixed assembly, and although he sometimes rebuked a follower in private rather roughly, in the House he was conciliation itself. It was in December that the crash came. Not the least interesting publication in these volumes is the celebrated budget, a facsimile of Lord Randolph's handwriting on a sheet of notepaper. We have not space to examine critically this budget that never was proposed. It bears the impress of its author's mind in its simplicity and boldness. Its chief features were the increase, consolidation and gradation of the death duties; the increase and gradation of the inhabited-house duty; and a new tax on horses. On the other side, the payment of debt and the expenditure on national defence were to be largely reduced, and substantial remissions of income-tax and tea and tobacco duties were to be made. The crux of the situation was that Lord Randolph required that the Admiralty and War Office estimates should be reduced by £1,300,000. Mr. W. H. Smith and Lord George Hamilton, in the most friendly and argumentative letters, wrote that they could not see their way to being responsible for the reductions demanded. Lord Salisbury was of course appealed to, and whilst negotiations were still in progress, the Chancellor of the Exchequer wrote from Windsor Castle on 20 December 1886 to the Prime Minister tendering his resignation, which Lord Salisbury accepted on the 22nd, and on the 23rd the news was in the "Times". Even at the time Lord Randolph's friends were aghast, and he received an extremely sensible letter of advice from Mr. Labouchere, in which the following sentence occurs: "I should have thought that your game was rather a waiting one. Sacrifice everything to becoming a fetish: then and only then, you can do as you like." But to wait and to submit himself to others were the two things which Lord Randolph Churchill was temperamentally incapable of doing; and from the day when the world discovered this fact, it turned its back on him. Other Ministers have resigned and increased

their popularity: but Lord Randolph lost a great deal more than office: he parted with the confidence of men. He made two miscalculations of so gross a character as to be almost unintelligible. He thought himself indispensable, and he believed economy to be popular in practice, whereas it is only popular in theory. After his resignation Lord Randolph Churchill made several good speeches from his corner seat behind the Treasury bench, and on one great question he was indisputably right, and the Government wrong. The appointment of the Parnell Commission was both unconstitutional and impolitic. It is a sound maxim that an extraordinary tribunal should never be set up to try an issue which could be tried by the ordinary courts. As a political move it was a gross blunder, because the Unionists would have gained more by taunting Parnell with his fear of a British jury than they gained by the report of the judges, which produced no result. The speech in which Lord Randolph enforced these truths upon his former colleagues made a painful scene in the House of Commons. There was the sudden loss of self-control in the celebrated Piggott passage; and there was the quarrel with Mr. Jennings, which deprived Lord Randolph of his last political ally. After reading Mr. Jennings' account of the facts we can see no sufficient reason for the breach. It is true that Lord Randolph drafted the amendment which Mr. Jennings placed upon the paper, and that acting on the advice of Lord Justice Fitzgibbon he changed his mind and told Mr. Jennings the day before the debate that he could not speak in its support. But Mr. Jennings had ample time to withdraw his amendment; and the cause of offence seems to have been that Lord Randolph cut in before him and (so to speak) took the cream off the discussion. What is a spoilt speech in the life of a politician? A cause of irritation but hardly of a permanent quarrel. The election of 1892 threw the Conservatives into Opposition, and drew them together again. Lord Randolph Churchill was once more received into favour and resumed his seat on the Front Bench. But it was too late. The speech on the disestablishment of the Welsh Church was the last leap of a dying fire. The blithe and debonair Lord Randolph was transformed at forty-five into a paralytic dotard, struggling heroically with a pitiless *Até*. His friends and relatives were unable to prevent him making platform speeches; "but the crowds who were drawn by the old glamour of his name departed sorrowful and shuddering at the spectacle of a dying man, and those who loved him were consumed with embarrassment and grief". In these words Mr. Churchill describes one of the most tragic ends in history.

THE CHRISTIAN CONQUEST OF ROME.

"The Expansion of Christianity in the First Three Centuries." By A. Harnack. Translated and Edited by J. Moffatt. 2 vols. London: Williams and Norgate. 1904-5. £1 1s.

NO process in history is less explicable than that by which the Roman Empire was converted to Christianity. Little more than two centuries and a half had passed since the conversion of S. Paul when the victory of Constantine at the Milvian Bridge ensured the political dominance of the faith, though it was actually held by a minority, and a comparatively small minority, at the time when Constantine's genius recognised in it the one certain means of seizing and retaining the monarchy of the civilised world. But this minority, whatever its internal differences, had been tested by merciless persecution and had developed in adversity an organisation which rendered it, as Constantine's rivals found, the dangerous antagonist that successive Emperors had feared it would become. The massacres of such tyrants as the second Maximian are the best evidence of their dread of Christianity as the effectual ally of Constantine.

But though the fact is certain that our religion exerted this power through the resolute faith and the mutual loyalty of its adherents, the course of its growth remains strangely mysterious. And it was a mystery

almost from the first. There is an ancient fiction that the twelve apostles divided the world among them, and each set forth to evangelise his allotted region. It is as void of truth as the similar legend that each of the twelve contributed his clause to the Apostles' Creed. The guess was a confession of ignorance. Our direct evidence amounts to little more than that of the Book of the Acts, and it is one of the marvels of modern scholarship that its words have been forced in our own generation to yield so rich a store of fresh information to the explorer and the commentator. From it we learn what motives induced the converts to embrace the faith; in later Christian literature we only find such teaching as appealed to those who were already believers. Even the writings of the Apologists, explaining as they do with more or less of reserve what Christianity is, aim rather at gaining for it toleration than recruits. And such direct attacks upon paganism as were made by Tertullian were admirably adapted to raise the spirits and strengthen the convictions of those who shared his faith, but were much more likely to irritate than to persuade those who stood outside the Church. No doubt we can gather from this literature a general idea of the manner in which the Christians conversed with their neighbours, but we must be content in lieu of precise knowledge with inferences, more or less satisfactory, as to what, being what they were, they must have said. And undoubtedly it was the Christians at large, and not any professional class, who converted the Roman world. We can watch the tide rising here and there; if there had been conspicuous agents at work we could not have failed to know their names. The fact that the same process was going on simultaneously in far distant quarters proves that it was accomplished by general activity and not by special efforts. We are entirely in the dark as to the manner in which Bithynia, country as well as town, had been so pervaded by Christianity in the year 112 that Pliny found the new religion actually affecting the course of business in his province. The latest date to which we can assign the translation of the Bible into Latin is 150; whether the version was made for Italians or for Africans is quite uncertain; all that we know is that the demand had arisen and been supplied while the Church of Rome was still a Greek-speaking community. And if the origins of the local churches are obscure, their growth, which went on at a constantly accelerated pace, is almost unnoticed by Christian authors. It was so much a normal thing that the Church should grow that we find copious writers such as S. Cyprian who only mention the duty or its fulfilment when some case of peculiar difficulty or interest occurs. Quite incidentally there has survived one piece of statistical information from the age of persecutions; the fact that in the year 257 Rome contained 155 clergy of all ranks and that 1,500 widows and other helpless persons were dependent upon the alms of the Church. Gibbon inferred from this a Christian population of 50,000 for a city which must have held at least a million inhabitants; Dr. Harnack reduces the number to 30,000. There were places on the other hand where Christianity was slow to gain a foothold. In 394, for instance, the Philistine Gaza, a fanatically pagan town, contained only 127 Christians. But such facts, casually noted by men who took no interest in numbers, are very rare. Usually it is the mention of a bishop that informs us of the existence of a church, or else the discovery of such sepulchral stones as the skilled researches of Dr. Ramsay have found throughout Asia Minor. Such information has to be sought in many books, and often the facts gleaned are but a small reward for serious toil, and need the knowledge and skill of a trained scholar to co-ordinate and interpret them. This task has been fulfilled with admirable intelligence and completeness by Professor Harnack; never before has the evidence been so fully and clearly marshalled.

Sometimes, as is inevitable, the details of his work are open to criticism; not that he is inaccurate in stating the facts, but that a theory has led him to misunderstand them. Thus he enforces, with much reason, the general truth that the north-western provinces of the Empire were the last to be influenced;

and in proof he alleges the first mention of Christianity in Cologne. Ammianus Marcellinus describes the congregation there as a "conventiculum", and Dr. Harnack takes the diminutive as a proof of his thesis. He should have remembered that Ammianus was an embittered adversary of the Christians, and that he took pleasure in calling any body of Christians whom he has occasion to name a conventicle. But defects so slight do nothing to diminish the solid value of the work; a value which belongs to the more general discussions in which Dr. Harnack has less opportunity to be original. Particularly admirable is his exposition of the power which a strong will, fortified by a firm belief in Providence, gave to the Christian, and of the eagerness with which pagans must have sought to learn its secret. Dr. Harnack dwells also with due emphasis upon the effect of that specifically Christian mode of thought, the sense of sin, and shows how the ridicule with which Celsus, the ablest of all opponents of Christianity, assailed it bears witness to the attraction which the preaching of forgiveness had for the conscience in distress.

Dr. Harnack, in fine, has produced what is as yet the most satisfactory, if not the most striking and original, of the noble series of works in which he is casting new light upon Christian history. We wish we could say that a worthy translator had been found for him. As the translator of a work on physical science should be familiar with the literature and the technical terms of his subject, so Dr. Harnack's translator, dealing with what is not a theological subject but one covering the whole field of Christian antiquity and classical geography, should be at home in a very wide domain of knowledge. Dr. Moffatt is a stranger to every part of it. As often as the sense of a passage has to be determined not merely by the letter of the German but by a consideration of the subject-matter he fails to render it, and whenever a choice has to be made between two shades of meaning, both grammatically possible, he chooses the wrong one. Nor are gross and obvious blunders absent; in the short passage relating to England one sentence is reduced to nonsense. We would not say that Dr. Moffatt deserves to be plucked by a pass-examiner in German, but his German is no better than his English, in which he cannot discriminate between "shall" and "will", and vulgarly misuses the verb "transpire". But he seems to have become conscious as the work went on of his own incapacity, as is manifest from the increasing listlessness of the translation as it draws to an end. A well-known town is named Trapezunt in German and Trebizond in English; Dr. Moffatt, to avoid the fatigue of a glance at his dictionary, invents the ridiculous "Trapezuntum", a form as absurd as the *Mendê* and *Diê* which he gives as names of modern French towns, without the authority, it is needless to say, of Dr. Harnack. The translation, however, is not below the average of the class to which it belongs. We have often seen worse. But the ethical problems involved in Scotch theological translations are too wide a subject for the conclusion of an article. It almost seems as though the purveyors of these wares presumed at times, as outside stock-brokers are said to do, upon the simplemindedness of the clergy.

"WALT."

"A Life of Walt Whitman." By Henry Bryan Binns. London: Methuen. 1905. 10s. 6d. net.

MR. BINNS with a rather characteristic solemnity remarks that "the time has not yet come for a final and complete life to be written". One has heard the phrase not once nor twice before; and, we may add, one is invariably annoyed by it. This craving for "final and complete" lives is a literary maggot we should like to scotch, but we despair of doing so. Mr. Binns' book, granted a few somewhat soulful peculiarities, is not at all bad. We learn many curious and interesting particulars about Whitman, as well as much that need not have been written. The author though not an American has caught the transatlantic earnestness in matters great and small, with the result that his comments—able and thoughtful as they sometimes are—occasionally tail off into rigmarole. A good instance is

the long exposition he gives of Whitman's mystical illumination. The only really salient fault, however, is the singular dearth of illustration from Whitman's own utterances. A shorter book, with plenty of Whitman himself, would have been better. We recognise that to write about Whitman, rather than to give us Whitman's work with running commentary, was the aim of Mr. Binns. This nevertheless we regret, and we regret also that here, as everywhere, the appreciation of Whitman has not yet got clear of that indescribable taint which Matthew Arnold would have symbolised by a "Social Science Congress". Mr. Binns is in hopes that "some American interpreter" will give us the really authoritative thing. We trust not, and we recommend nobody to wait for it. Mr. Binns' volume, we are sure, will be a far better speculation if anybody wants to buy a book about Whitman.

Fortunately we are able at this date to dissociate Whitman's remarkable work from the wrappings of "ethical society" twaddle in which formerly it was presented. We can read and admire him, that is to say, without wearing a red tie and a squash hat. Great writers survive these things. At the same time there is one point about Whitman that must be emphasised to begin with. Mr. George Moore in one of his later facetiae has noted that in Tennyson's work he can clearly distinguish the poems which are by Tennyson from the poems which are by Alfred. With Whitman we cannot thus deal. The things he wrote in his capacity as "Walt"—an abbreviation he deliberately preferred, Mr. Binns tells us—are integral parts of his genius. The same is true of his tastes and friendships. In reading Whitman, if ever, we must manfully shake ourselves loose of English and academic prejudice and frankly swallow his abbreviated Christian name with everything unpalatable that it mysteriously but certainly suggests. There is no getting out of it. We can admire the creative vitality of Dickens while we forget his taste in pictures and his admiration of Miss Procter's poems. The traces of Cockney vulgarity which Matthew Arnold found in Keats' letters may be readily blinked by readers of "La Belle Dame sans Merci". But Whitman is different. If Whitman's style, vocabulary, preferences, have anything vulgar—and in the ordinary use of that word they simply reek with vulgarity—no amount of winking, no kind of excision or selection will purge it away. We must take it or leave him. But why not take it? Perhaps we are using our word vulgarity in rather a narrow way after all. Those who have really taken the trouble to read Whitman—we wonder how many—have probably outlived Stevenson's opinion that "the word 'hatter' cannot be used seriously in emotional verse". If Whitman's work had not been written for Whitman's purpose, it might have been written expressly to provide the academic critic with an opportunity for cheap scores. And if on the other hand we simply choose out the obviously fine things, the "unforgettable phrases" as Stevenson calls them, which abound in "Leaves of Grass", we miss Whitman's purport no less. Whitman made a sincere attempt to include within the range of poetry every object under the sun. His failure, such as it was, lay in the fact that this attempt was too much for him, that it was made too early in the day. It is of course useless, indeed mischievous, to have a mere theory that motor-cars (say) are beautiful objects, and to back up this theory by assuming or working up an emotion which is not really felt. The object must really cause the emotion before the poem can be written. Whitman's theory, that everything in America must be glorious, was his snare; because to a great extent it was theory and nothing more. Our minor poets, with their romantic jewels and bric-à-brac, make precisely the same mistake from the other side. The objects with which they decorate their song have ceased to be really pregnant of high suggestion, have lost poetic content, because they mean absolutely nothing for the minor poets themselves and are only brought in to satisfy an "aesthetic" preconception. Whitman's preconception was in advance of his genuine emotions, though he often gets a colourable imitation of such emotions, we must admit, from very unpromising material. Our quarrel then

with Whitman is not upon the ground that he includes what is of itself unpoetic, but rather that he is premature—that he states things to be poetic which are not yet actually susceptible of poetic treatment. The history of art—of painting more particularly—is meaningless if it fails to convince us that the lexicon of beauty is elastic, that it must be enlarged, as it has been enlarged, with every generation of artists. This however is no excuse for Whitman's anticipations. Vallombrosa, as our minor poets use it, is a dead name—a tag that fails to move us. But the time is not yet, for us at any rate, when Oshkosh and Walla-walla, on which Whitman dwells lovingly, are poetically possible. The thing we most admire in Whitman is the heroism with which he pursued his own logic and dropped the familiar vehicles of poetry the moment he saw that they would retard instead of accelerating him. The only reason we can discover for writing in verse is that in verse one can be more passionate. One has heard, of course, fatuous people who admire a poet for the dexterity with which he struggles under the restrictions of some trying metre. A poet is not what the music-halls call a handcuff king. Metre is not felt as a bondage, if the writer happens to be a poet. Poetasters write in metre because poets have done so. Poets write in metre because in metre alone can they attain freedom, because singing not talking is the obvious mode of expressing ecstasy. How far Whitman, in the style he adopted, reached the ecstatic stage is a point that might repay study. It would be interesting to collect some of his best things and observe in what degree they are unconsciously metrical.

Whitman's power we have already assumed. If we dismiss all questions of poetic form, or poetic admissibility, there is a residue which no amount of theory or "purpose" or didactics can seriously impair. Whitman really had the mystical gift; masses of common people, the life of the streets, even the homely occupations and thoughts of "the boys", had for him a significance and an inwardness that few, if any one, else could see. As we read him, we detect within ourselves a drawing, an emotional receptiveness, towards things which no other poet has thus transfigured for us. If Whitman had vulgar tastes and associations it was fortunate. Some of the vulgarity—much of it—remains undissolved and floats on the surface of his work, but a great deal ceases to be vulgar and becomes inspiring. So much nonsense has been talked about "democratic art" that we fight shy of the topic. But we are compelled to observe that Whitman's work, considered simply as a phenomenon, is capable of endless suggestion. America, we admit, does not fascinate us as raw material for art. When we have excluded what disgusts us, and what is purely comical, little appears to be left. This however does not alter the fact that Periclean art was full of Athens and Elizabethan art full of England. Whitman therefore was absolutely right when he acted on the supposition that American and modern poetry must be full of America and modernity. And if we talk of the British Empire, and profess to be thrilled by it (thrilled imaginatively, we mean) it is idle not to admit that here is true material for any poet who is big enough to cope with the subject. Whitman went wrong—and the poet we are supposing may go wrong—through deficiency of that selective process which poetry invariably demands by way of concession to human weakness. Even Turner had to shroud his railway train in vapour; and the more familiar and insistent the objects out of which a poet evokes his poetry, the more shy of exterior detail he will always have to be. Pater put it finally when he said that all the arts aspire to the condition of music. The concrete and visible are so oppressive, so opaque, that imagination is ever reluctant, suspecting trammels everywhere, never satisfied fully except when the expression of art is wholly disembodied, so to speak, from the medium. Poetry, next after music, is the art in which we most resent the obtrusion of subject-matter and technique. Whitman's subject-matter, Whitman's technique, are painfully in evidence. The marvel is that he was able, with all this, to communicate so lavishly a vision of things, a sense of life.

THE BAD BOY'S GUIDE TO PARIS.

"The Sands of Pleasure." By Filson Young. London: Grant Richards. 1905. 6s.

HAD Mr. Filson Young's book been much worse or much better, it would have been possible to classify it at once as amongst the novels that do not matter, or as amongst the few that count. As it is, with its flashes of insight, its passages of brilliant description, its glaring errors of taste, its lack of unity of tone, it is a bewildering, exasperating thing that sometimes fascinates but more often offends. The author has a sincere and enviable belief in his own power to tackle profitably problems which have evaded much wiser and subtler people. He takes himself very seriously. In a somewhat unnecessary preface addressed to the conventional reader (what reader would admit his conventionality?) he makes his apologia for his subject. His book deals with the life of the demimonde. It is the apotheosis of the cocotte. It is an attempt to paint her just as the author sees her, with her many virtues, to realise her point of view and exhibit her as the by no means uninteresting pursuer of woman's most ancient profession. "The business of literature" writes Mr. Filson Young "is with the whole of life". Who has ever doubted it? Every subject—every department of life—is possible for the literary artist. It is not the subject but the method of treatment of the subject that matters. But Mr. Young cannot be said to have justified his choice of theme. He has no light to illuminate the dark and difficult paths in which he has chosen to tread. His pictures, his people—though possibly drawn from life, some of them are certainly photographic in their detail—do not convey the impression of truth. The story deals with the career of one Richard Grey, a "strange blend of the artist and the man of science, the poet and the craftsman". For years, we are told, work has been the one all-absorbing passion of Richard's life. The building of a lighthouse on the Cornish coast has absorbed all his thoughts and energies. In the technical intricacies of lighthouses and lighthouse buildings Mr. Filson Young fairly revels, showing forth his crammed-up knowledge with a sort of boyish disingenuousness that is sometimes almost amusing. There is evidence of considerable diligence and painstaking care in the working up of details. This portion of the book is written with studied soberness in order to throw up into strong relief the more highly coloured section which follows. Richard, when his toil is over, is taken by a friend to Paris—wicked Paris! The influences of the place are too strong for him and he becomes completely enmeshed in a passion for a charming butterfly called "Toni". In his descriptions of Paris the author somehow manages to convey, as in his lighthouse scenes, the impression that he has "got up" his subject. His book might indeed have been entitled "The Bad Young Man's Guide to Paris", so full is it of intimate details and descriptive information about those wicked places that the average youth anxious "to see life" is supposed to desire to visit. We had thought that the idea of the wickedness of Paris was long since exploded. As a matter of fact Paris is one of the most innocent of places since its vice is open, superficial, on the surface. But Mr. Filson Young is a believer in the ancient superstition and puts into the mouth of one of his puppets whom he dubs "a Puritan rake" much rubbish about French character. According to him a French man and a French woman have only one idea in life. They eat, they drink, they work, they exist for one purpose only.

On this crude assumption the whole of the chapters which deal with life in Paris are erected. We are introduced to the Café de la Paix, with a twice-told description of its famous "Caneton à la presse": we have described the shabby glories of Montmartre: we have Maxim's, the Allée de Longchamps, Durand's, Paillard's, the Café Americain, Fontainebleau and so on. And Toni—the little cocotte—on whose character and point of view Mr. Young has bestowed so much care and cleverness, does not somehow convince. We are told that she is beautiful, fascinating, clever, a brilliant woman, in whose society brilliant men could delight. We have a charming frontispiece in the book which

convinces us of Toni's looks. But in nothing that she says, does or thinks—so far as we are permitted to see—does she uphold the author's other claims for her. She is, on the contrary, dull, stale, flat and unprofitable, while her recorded conversations in broken English and her mode of addressing everybody as "my dear", and saying "Vat you say?" are most irritating. Mr. Filson Young no doubt had a charming image in his mind when he created Toni, but he has not succeeded in conveying her to his readers through the medium of cold print. Passion, as we know, has no explicable reason, and in life it is possible that a man such as Richard would have been swept off his feet by a woman such as Toni. It may be so. But the artist would not have been content to leave it so. He must have shown the irresistibility, the inevitableness of the passion. And it is here that Mr. Young seems to us to fail. He would show us life—life as it is—in all its rude, crude naked force. But instead he seems merely to dangle puppets before our eyes, who act, speak and feel because he wills, and not because they must. All through the book there is somehow a sense of strain, of tension, as if the author were trying to materialise some inspiration that kept ever evading him. Some of the descriptions are excellent and the book abounds in happy phrases. But the final impression is disappointment.

NOVELS.

"The King's Revoke: an Episode in the Life of Patrick Dillon." By Margaret L. Woods. London: Smith, Elder. 1905. 6s.

The title of Mrs. Woods' new novel suggested a Jacobite romance of the kind favoured by Mr. A. E. W. Mason, but her King is Ferdinand VII. of Spain, and Patrick Dillon is not an exile of the Irish Brigade but a member of a family settled in Spain for commercial purposes. The story is concerned with plots to effect the escape of Ferdinand from France, where Napoleon detained him while Joseph Bonaparte was reigning uneasily in Madrid. Unfortunately the rightful King had not the least intention of offending Napoleon by countenancing such designs, and was not attracted by the idea of putting himself at the head of the patriotic forces of Spain. He believed Napoleon invincible, and in any case was unwilling to accept a throne from Protestants, freemasons, and constitutionalists like the English. The theme strikes us as of too rough-and-tumble a character for Mrs. Woods' delicate talent. The workmanship is skilful, but smugglers, brigands, and the like are a little beyond her control, though the several women of the drama are excellent. The "Comte d'Haguerty", Dillon's comrade in the scheme, belongs to the tribe of Barry Lyndon. As a novel of incident "The King's Revoke" falls below "Sons of the Sword".

"The Resurrection of Cynthia Day." By Florence Morse Kingsley. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1905. 6s.

How would you behave if your doctor told you that you had just twelve months to live? The question has been answered by more than one novelist, and Miss Kingsley's treatment of the problem interests us from its insight into certain types of feminine character rather than from any marked originality. Miss Cynthia Day is a New England maiden lady who has many moral and intellectual compeers in our own country: brought up in a gloomy view of religion and an unintelligent bondage to trivial and unnecessary household routine, she is startled out of her habits by the announcement that her life is nearly over, and the reflection that it has brought her no activity, as Aristotle would have said, of a rational or pleasurable kind. She does not do anything very alarming, yet shocks her neighbours by neglecting her spring-cleaning to go on pic-nics with naughty children. Such proceedings are almost equivalent to throwing her bonnet over windmills! Of course a former lover reappears, and the ending may be imagined. The book has some of the qualities of Miss Wilkins' New England stories, and, slight as is its texture, is pleasant to read.

"Our Best Society." New York and London: Putnam. 1905. 6s.

Perhaps the anonymity of the author is wise: some of the characters have the air of being drawn from life. The author is supposed to be a struggling novelist whose wife has, before marriage, moved in circles less provincial than that of his literary friends, and a single dinner-party at a very rich house is sufficient to launch them, to some extent, in a set of pleasure-seekers. We leave the novelist on the way to make his fortune by the dramatisation of his stories. The English reader will be impressed chiefly by the gulf that seems to exist between the inner ring and the outer multitude. Few English novelists of decent middle-class origin would, we imagine, be so embarrassed by an invitation to a duke's house as their American compeer is when thrown into the company of stockbrokers. But New York society is a mystery insoluble to the foreigner. The dividing-line is apparently not altogether money, and has certainly little connection with birth or breeding, but it is a very real thing. The present book (the title of which has a rather neat double meaning) discourses agreeably of millionaires and sporting men, smart divorcees and actresses, playwrights and business magnates, and is written with some skill.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"All About Ships and Shipping." Edited by R. Dowling. London: Moring. 1905. 5s. net.

No book of this size can cater for the "professional" and at the same time give "interesting instruction" to an "amateur" who is so amateurish as to require to be told the meaning of "rolling" and "pitching". "Ships and Shipping" consequently falls between two stools. In this second edition, more space has been given to the Royal Navy, but natural draught speeds are confused with forced draught speeds and dates of laying down with dates of launching. Lengths furnished are sometimes "over all", sometimes "between perpendiculars" and though the time of writing is said to be January 1905, the "Commonwealth" and "Dominion", launched in 1903 and commissioned this year are mentioned merely as laid down in 1902. The final report of the Boiler Committee became common property long ago but only the interim report is referred to as having been received. The new scheme of entry is stated to have proposed doing away with accountant officers; the new scheme was silent upon the point. It ought not to be necessary to remind the editor who is a seaman that the Admiralty flag does not contain a "foul" anchor nowadays, that there is no such flag as a S. George's "Jack", that private individuals have no right to fly the red ensign ashore for it is a sea-flag or that the office of Lord High Admiral has not been in commission since 1708, the Duke of Clarence having held it in 1827. The selection of places for notice in the "Gazetteer" is arbitrary and takes no account of their relative importance; Valetta gets three lines, Roseau in Dominica over ten and the chronological list of notable events shows a like lack of the sense of proportion. With due deference to Lieutenant Ramsay Fairfax, it is hard to see in what respect this handbook can help the "professional" for the various lists and tables provided are too incomplete to be of service. Ruthless cutting and more attention to accuracy may yet do something for "Ships and Shipping", but if it is to be of real use, it ought to be made a periodical publication, for a book of this class is out of date almost as soon as printed. For the present, passengers in ocean liners are warned against trusting implicitly to its contents when making bets.

"Ireland and Scotland under the Unions: Failure and Success: a Comparative Study." By the Earl of Dunraven K.P. London: Chapman and Hall. 1905. 3d.

Lord Dunraven's knowledge of Scots history is, we should say, not extensive, but he puts clearly enough most of the factors which have prevented the Union from giving to Ireland the political and economic advantages which it has conferred on Scotland. He misses the point that the question of dates is all-important, since all through the eighteenth century Great Britain was treating Ireland as a commercial rival. Union with Ireland a century earlier than 1800, or with Scotland a century later than 1707, might have produced an entirely different economic adjustment of the British Islands. But the tract, which is interesting, is really a plea for devolution in Ireland, and it does not meet the cardinal difficulty that, outside a small group which could not carry an election in a single constituency, all Irishmen look on schemes of devolution as an instalment of Home Rule to be grudgingly accepted or

fiercely opposed according to their respective political labels. It is true that the present system gives Irishmen no interest in economical administration, but the Nationalists' objections to it have, fundamentally, little connexion with any desire for practical efficiency in the management of local affairs, although they naturally delight in criticising its defects from this point of view. Lord Dunraven is too vague to give the Liberal Government much guidance in their supposed intention of building a half-way house.

"The Great Plateau." By Captain C. G. Rawling. London: Arnold. 1905. 15s. net.

To all who are interested in Tibet in particular and geography in general Captain Rawling's book makes strong appeal. It is an excellent record of two remarkable expeditions, one in company with his friend Captain Hargreaves to Central Tibet in 1903 before Sir Francis Younghusband's Mission which ended in the occupation of Lhasa, the other through Eastern Tibet after the British Indian force had occupied Lhasa. The first journey was undertaken at a time when Tibet was rigidly closed to foreigners; the second was rendered possible by the success of the Younghusband Mission. Though the risks run in Central Tibet were absent from the Gartok expedition, the second part of the volume is in many ways the more valuable and entertaining, notwithstanding that in the first journey 35,000 square miles of hitherto unknown and unexplored country were correctly mapped. After the occupation of Lhasa, Captain Rawling travelled with Captain O'Connor, the agent of the Indian Government, through Shigatse and Holy Manasarowar to Gartok. Armed with orders from the Tibetan authorities they were admitted to audiences and places that would otherwise have been impossible. The hardships and inconveniences were many but the expedition was unique and of considerable scientific importance, and with the instinct of the true explorer Captain Rawling returned to civilisation only to look forward to the next opportunity for further adventures. His volume is fully illustrated.

"The Poems of William Cowper." Edited with an Introduction and Notes by J. C. Bailey. London: Methuen. 1905. 10s. 6d. net.

This edition of Cowper is notable through the inclusion of a number of hitherto unpublished letters and two reproductions by Blake, one of these forming the striking frontispiece "Winter". Mr. Bailey has been fortunate enough to discover as many as thirty-five new Cowper letters. Probably even this does not exhaust the mine. We remember being shown some time ago several letters by Cowper of moderate interest which have not yet been printed and no doubt there are at least a few others scattered through the country. In the letters published in this volume there are some interesting touches. We have a glimpse of Cowper waiting "with trembling ears" for news from Paris in 1792, a cosmopolite as well as patriot. In a letter from West in 1791 he says he has heard that Johnson, the bookseller, gave Dr. Darwin eight hundred pounds for "The Lives of the Plants". No wonder Darwin's son for a while had a strong fancy for writing verse.

"The Campaign Guide 1906." Eleventh Edition. Edinburgh: Douglas. 5s. net.

The dissolution has rendered it important to get out a new edition of this valuable handbook for Unionist speakers. Events have moved so rapidly in the last few weeks that beyond adding some notes and an additional chapter no attempt has been made by the editors to recast the earlier chapters. The new matter brings the book down to date, and the arguments and facts concerning foreign and colonial policy, fiscal, taxation, labour and other problems supplied in the previous editions are just as strong and useful now, if indeed they are not stronger than they were two years ago. Unionist candidates will save themselves much trouble in looking up official documents if they keep the "Campaign Guide" on hand.

Mr. W. Hutton has reprinted a selection of his agreeable and informed articles which have appeared during recent years in "Cornhill", the "Guardian", the "Pilot" and elsewhere under the title of "The Burford Papers" (Constable, 7s. 6d. net). He adds to these a series of letters written by Samuel Crisp who lived at Chessington near Burford in the latter part of the eighteenth century. These letters are now printed for the first time and they are of a good deal of general as well as local interest. The first of the Crisp letters is dated 1779 and this and other letters deal to some extent with eighteenth-century finance. There are also literary allusions, particularly to Fanny Burney and her journals.

"The Nelson Calendar" (Moring, 2s. 6d.), edited by A. D. Gower, makes its second appearance this season. We dislike glazed paper as a rule and the half-tones reproduced thereon; but this calendar certainly shows taste: it is finely printed.—"The Dante Calendar for 1906" is also issued by Messrs. Moring at the same price. It is produced on unglazed paper with capital illustrations in line. Blanche McManus acts as editor.

Vol. IV. of "The World of To-day" (Gresham Publishing Company) deals with Oceania, covering not only Australasia and Polynesia but Madagascar and the Antarctic regions. Mr. Hope Moncrieff is making his survey of the peoples and places of the world very skilfully, and the illustrations, though not all new to readers familiar with the subject, admirably assist the understanding of the text.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 1 Janvier. 3fr.

The concluding chapters of M. Maurice Barrès' "Voyage à Sparte" are better worth reading than the earlier ones though they strike us at times as needlessly erotic in atmosphere. But the account of the ride from Megalopolis to Olympia is full of charm. Anyone who has undertaken this painful but intensely interesting expedition will echo his cry "What misery! What splendour! What a divine primitive life." In truth a few days among the Peloponnesian mountains gives a more accurate idea of the real Greece than a month in Athens. Ancient Greece according to M. Barrès was an "association of small societies for the improvement of the Hellenic race and this cult of the race while it gives us the secret of an incomparable energy and aristocracy also explains its decadence". In ancient times as to-day one striking fact about the people was its readiness to emigrate. As for the Greece of to-day M. Barrès is clearly sceptical, as we are, about its claim to be peopled by the true Hellenic stock. "If," he says, "this little realm partly German, partly French, and partly Turk is a real Greece, the sceptics will be confounded when a new Phidias constructs a new Parthenon and a new Sophocles gives us another Antigone". We are quite ready to be convinced but remain sceptical.

THE JANUARY REVIEWS.

At a time like the present there is a masterful detachment about a Radical review that abstains from dealing with the political situation. The "Contemporary" leaves the subject severely alone, and is content with an article by Sir Courtenay Ilbert on the history of Parliamentary procedure—a subject which is dealt with by Mr. Michael Macdonagh in the "Nineteenth Century". The new Government's opportunities, judging by an article in the "Independent", will be sharply limited for some time to come by the House of Lords, but the writer doubts if "much old-world reverence still exists for an aristocracy which contains the proprietor of the 'Daily Mail'." The Peers notwithstanding, the reviewer looks forward to the taking of "the first great step along the path of social improvement" under the benign influence of a Cabinet which "in the variety of its talent and the unity of its aim recalls the Cabinets of Gladstone and Salisbury". Apart from its political notes the "National" contains articles on "Devolution" by Lord Rathmore, on "Free Trade, a Gigantic Error", by Sir Charles Follett, and "An Intercepted Letter" received from the Fabian Society "without any plausible explanation as to how it came into their hands". A composite document signed "C.-B.", and addressed to "My dear Colleagues", this is an excellent bit of satire. "E." in the "Monthly", while proclaiming himself in some things an extreme Radical, has sufficient sympathy with Conservatives "to wish to restore their shaken confidence in themselves and their motives". They are not to believe their opponents when they are told "they have no ideals". Where, asks "E.", shall the poor clerk and parson find justice apart from Conservatism? Mr. Iwan Müller in the "Fortnightly" on Unionism, its past and its future, attempts "to analyse the political situation with philosophic calm", though he finds that difficult in view of the iniquitous agitation against Chinese labour, and he becomes almost enthusiastic over the change in the tone and temper of Unionist audiences since the battle-cry of the elections was sounded. He does not find the differences between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain on the fiscal question insuperable—a question as to which he is totally at variance from another "Fortnightly" reviewer who regards the rupture between the Unionist leaders as complete and anticipates an early political explosion as the result of Mr. Balfour's refusal to give up the leadership. Mr. Iwan Müller's view is that of the writer of "Musings without Method" in "Blackwood" who says that it is idle to quarrel about terms, that neither Mr. Chamberlain nor anybody else desires Protection for its own sake, and that the slight difference which exists between the wings of the party is not one of principle but of procedure. Dr. Guinness Rogers and Mr. Herbert Paul in the "Nineteenth Century" are of course both strong in their belief that the new Government has a great mission, notwithstanding that such names as Lord Rosebery and Lord Spencer are from different causes not included in the Cabinet. Dr. Rogers says it is a misfortune and a serious tactical blunder that each section of the Liberal party desires to have its favourite reform inserted in the programme. The Labour section is likely to be hardly less disconcerting than the Irish if Mr. Keir Hardie's views—also set forth in the "Nineteenth Century"—regarding the forthcoming election should prevail. Mr. Hardie, who manages to write an article on the Labour

party without mention of Mr. Burns, says that the party is in a financial position to pay 250 members without putting the least strain on its resources and predicts that by another general election the eighty Labour candidates of 1906 will have grown to twice that number. The revolution will remodel parties already torn by controversies over Protection and Home Rule, and a "Labour Government" is to be "a menace to the interests of the dominant class".

Foreign affairs are less prominent than usual in the reviews, and, with the exception of two articles on Russia in the "Contemporary" and an article in the "Fortnightly" by Mr. Robert Dell on French politics and the elections, are chiefly concerned with Germany. In the "Independent" Sir Thomas Barclay says that "the older Foreign Offices have, though slowly, awakened to the necessity of treating the existence of Germany as a fact. The intellectual jugglery of trying to think her non-existent, the childish ranting against her of irresponsible writers and politicians, may be useful in the Reichstag, as evidence of the need of further votes of money for new battleships; but they only fan into intensity a hostile spirit which every responsible and sensible German deplores. Those who do this foul work expose themselves to execration by all who wish to see Europe settle down to a few years of peace and stability". The very line of criticism which Sir Thomas Barclay deprecates is forcibly illustrated in an article by Mr. Demetrius Boulger in the "Nineteenth Century". Mr. Boulger says that while the scenery and stage properties are being got ready for a European tragedy the German Emperor makes his effort to lull us to sleep. The Kaiser must take us "for children or fools". To a far-sighted veteran like Mr. Boulger the persons who are endeavouring to improve the relations of England and Germany are mere sentimental supplicants for the goodwill of an aggressive people. If Excubator in the "Fortnightly" is to be believed German naval energy has largely miscarried. The programme of 1898 has been a fiasco, and German policy recently has been directed to covering up the failure on the one hand and creating a strong national opinion in favour of new efforts on the other. Germany's present naval programme, the writer says, is intended to make good the deficiencies in the earlier scheme; and he regrets that those who view the growth of the German navy with fear and irritability should be doing their best to embroil the two countries in war. As a set-off to British mistrust of Germany the British Admiralty have by a policy of economy invited other Powers, including Germany, to call a halt in naval construction. A second article in the "Fortnightly" shows what Germany is doing in the way of colonisation in Brazil. She is not only making great commercial efforts, but is creating a nation of Germans in Brazil, already numbering half a million. German energy in that direction no doubt accounts to some extent for President Roosevelt's views as to South America, and the modifications he has introduced into the Monroe doctrine, on which Investor writes in the "Monthly". Mr. Roosevelt intends that the Northern Republic shall settle in its own way, and no doubt for its own benefit, all disputes between the smaller Republics and European Powers.

One of the most remarkable articles in the new reviews is Leo Tolstoy's "End of the Age" in the "Fortnightly". He thinks the Christian nations are nearing the limit which divides one epoch from another, and that a revolution is in process which will displace a distorted by a true Christianity, based on real equality and that liberty which is "natural to all rational beings". Curiously enough an article by Maurice Maeterlinck in the same review, entitled "Of our Anxious Morality", starts on the assumption that the world is abandoning one religion without having a new one to take its place. Tolstoy urges that the Japanese triumphed over Russia because they are not Christians, and they won by utilising all the discoveries by which the Christian peoples have hitherto acquired predominance in strife over non-Christian peoples. "This victory has shown that, occupying themselves with the increase of their military power, Christian nations have been

(Continued on page 26.)

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doing not only an evil and immoral work, but a work opposed to the Christian spirit which lives in them—a work in which they, as Christian nations, must always be excelled and beaten by non-Christian nations. . . . This war has proved in the most obvious way that the power of Christian nations can in no wise lie in military power contrary to the Christian spirit, and that if the Christian nations wish to remain Christian their efforts should be directed not at all to military power, but to something different: to such an organisation of life as, flowing from the Christian teaching, will give to men the greatest welfare, not by means of rude violence, but by means of rational co-operation and love." In this, says Tolstoy, "lies the great significance for the Christian world of the victory of the Japanese".

"Sparks from the Anvil" in the "National Review" are 148 maxims by the Queen of Roumania, some bright and epigrammatic, others a little cheap and commonplace. Mr. Basil Tozer has been making inquiries as to whether aptitude for card-playing denotes general intelligence and gives the results in an article in the "Monthly" entitled "Brains and Bridge". He seems surprised that his questions should have acted as an irritant to Bridge enthusiasts. Articles on Chinese labour in the "National" and the "Empire" contain information which might be studied with advantage by Lord Elgin if not by his Under Secretary.

For this Week's Books see page 28.

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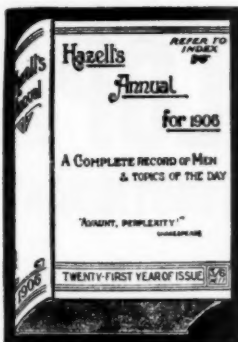
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Notice to Shareholders.

THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of SHAREHOLDERS for the year ending 31st December, 1905, will be held in the Board Room, The Corner House, Johannesburg, on WEDNESDAY, 21st March, 1906, at 11 A.M., for the following business:—

- (1) To receive and consider the balance sheet and profit and loss account for the year ending 31st December, 1905, and the reports of the directors and auditors.
- (2) To elect two directors in the place of Sir J. C. Wernher, Bart., and Mr. F. Eckstein, who retire by rotation in accordance with the provision of the Company's Articles of Association, but who are eligible and offer themselves for re-election.
- (3) To elect auditors in the place of Messrs. C. L. Anderson & Co., and Thomas Douglas, who retire, but are eligible for re-election, and to fix their remuneration for the past audit.
- (4) To transact general business.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 21st to the 27th March, 1906 both days inclusive.

HOLDERS OF SHARE WARRANTS TO BEARER (5s. Shares) wishing to be represented at the Meeting, must deposit their Share Warrants, or may at their option produce same, at the places and within the times following:—

- (a) At the Head Office of the Company in Johannesburg at least 24 hours before the time appointed for the holding of the Meeting.
- (b) At the London Office of the Company, 1 London Wall Buildings, E.C., at least 30 days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.
- (c) At the Compagnie Française de Mines d'Or et de l'Afrique du Sud, 20 Rue Talbott, Paris, at least 30 days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.

Upon such production or deposit, a Certificate with Proxy Form will be issued, under which such Bearer Warrant Holders may attend the Meeting either in person or by Proxy.

By Order of the Board,

H. A. READ, Secretary.

Head Office, The Corner House, Johannesburg,
21st January, 1906.

BONANZA, LIMITED.

From the MANAGER'S REPORT for November, 1905.

TOTAL YIELD.

Total yield in Fine Gold from all sources 4,902'920 oz.
Total yield in Fine Gold from all sources per ton milled 11'743 dwts

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

On a basis of 8,350 Tons Milled.

	Cost.	Cost per Ton.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Mining	6,444 13 2	0 15 3'236
Development Redemption	835 0 0	0 3 0'000
Crushing and Sorting Expenses	390 7 7	0 0 11'220
Milling	1,010 18 3	0 2 5'056
Cyaniding Sands	227 6 6	0 2 2'654
Slimes	632 18 5	0 1 6'393
Sundry Head Office Expenses	250 7 11	0 0 7'484
	10,508 11 10	1 5 2'043
Profit	10,056 6 1	1 4 0'181
	£20,534 17 11	£2 9 2'224
	Value.	Value per Ton.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
By Gold Account—		
Mill Gold	12,046 10 3	1 11 0'115
Cyanide Gold	7,588 7 8	0 18 2'109
	£20,534 17 11	£2 9 2'224

NOTE.—The 20 per cent. Tax on Profits which is payable to the Government of the Transvaal has not been allowed for in the above figures.

No Capital Expenditure was incurred during the month.

NOTE.—The ore contained in the few remaining blocks in the mine will be exhausted within the next two months, when pillars and cleanings will have to be relied on to supply the mill with rock. It is unlikely the full mill of fifty-five stamps can be kept continually running long after the end of January next, so that the profits during the closing months of the Company's life will be subject to considerable fluctuations. It is expected that the November rate of profit can be maintained through December and January only.

LONDON OFFICE NOTE.—A Dividend (No. 14) of 3½ per cent. has been declared by the Board payable to Shareholders registered on the books of the Company at the close of business on Saturday, 30th December, 1905. Warrants will be despatched to registered European Shareholders from the London Office about 3rd February, 1906.

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